THE ISSUE NOBODY MENTIONS

THE REPORTER

November 4, 1954

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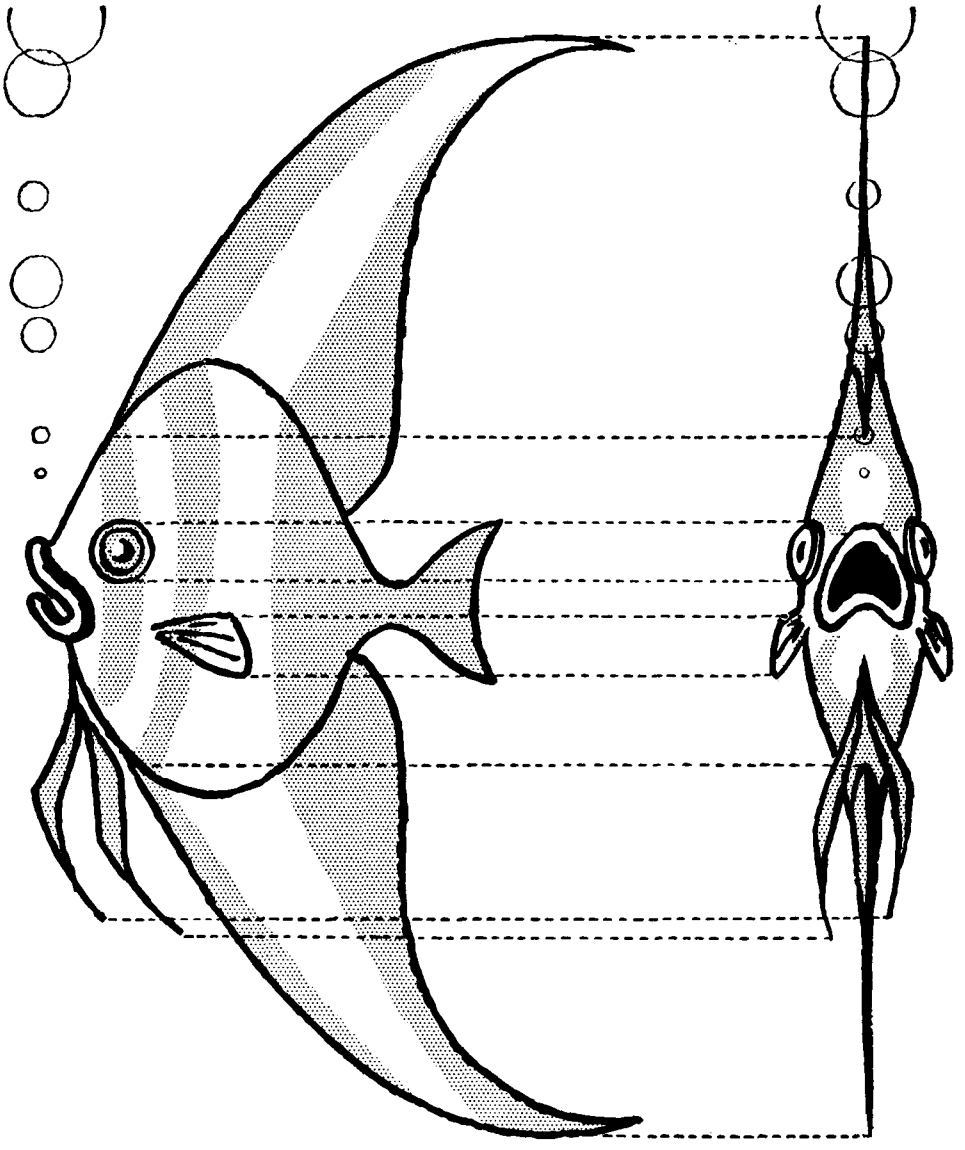

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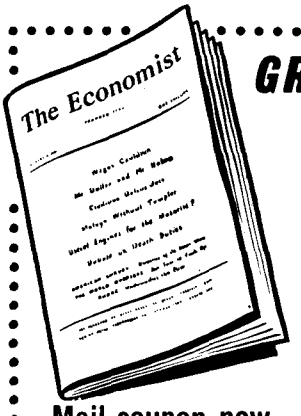

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Clearing Sir Anthony

It gives us genuine pleasure to report that again it has become safe and respectable to be an admirer of British diplomacy and of its two major protagonists, Sir Winston and Sir Anthony. A recent editorial in *Life* magazine on the London Conference brings us the good tidings: "The moment required a man, and the British provided him: Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden."

Only five months ago, at the time of the Geneva Conference, the Luce publications felt quite differently. In the issue of May 31, *Time* carried a savage attack on British diplomacy in general and Foreign Secretary Eden in particular. It accused both Churchill and Eden of looking "alarmingly like appeasers." It even tried to strip Eden of his well-earned reputation as an anti-appeaser in the Munich crisis sixteen years ago. It boldly said that Mr. Eden "made every hour profitable for the Communists," and it served notice that "Eden and Churchill . . . had brought Britain to one of the most unstable positions in its diplomatic history."

Life of May 31 chipped in with a report from Washington by James Shepley, who quoted an unnamed Washington policymaker to the effect that Britain was going downhill fast diplomatically because it was no longer in a position to make its own decisions. That other pet abomination of the Luce magazines, Pandit Nehru, was credited with holding a veto power over British diplomacy.

We must confess that the Shepley article alarmed us greatly, for we did not relish the prospect of Britain becoming a dominion of imperial India.

Now, however, as we said at the beginning, both Sir Winston and Sir Anthony have been cleared; they are no longer security risks. The *Life* editorial entitled "Diplomacy's Triumphs and Limits" proves that triumphant amnesia knows practically no limits. Anthony Eden was the man the moment required. "Anthony Eden and John Foster Dulles were functioning as a team."

But how long is the "team" or the partnership going to last? As long as, *Life* says, "free men sit around a table in common anxiety to reach agreement." "It is only when Communists join them, intent on disagreement, that conferences result in propaganda and pointlessness." Briefly, international conferences are of some use as long as they are held among close and tested friends.

The *Life* editorial registers one of the most dangerous misconceptions in the prevailing thinking on foreign affairs—a misconception that the Administration has in no way tried to clear up. It is taken for granted that whenever we get into conferences with the Communists, they are bound to achieve a propaganda victory at the very least, and that inevitably they will outthink, outtalk, and outmaneuver us.

The result is that the Communists do not even have to beat us at the negotiating table any longer: They have only to proclaim their willingness, nay, their intense desire to negotiate. Thus in the struggle for Asian and European opinion we declare ourselves beaten without a fight.

Have we really to assume that we shall never have a Secretary of State skillful enough to outthink, out-

NOTE TO WRITERS

"If you feed a tarantula mealworm beetles and are otherwise kind to it, it will make a very good pet."

—*New York* Times *quoting the American Museum of Natural History.*

". . . the writer does not produce his works, as naïve people assume, because he has something important to convey to his eager listeners, but soley to solve an inner conflict."

—The Writer and Psychoanalysis, *by Edmund Bergler, M.D.*

Come, make a pet of your inner conflict,
  Feed it beetles and stuff of dreams,
Cherish it and before you know it,
  You will have written reams and reams.

Never assume that this restless stirring
  Means you have something to convey,
It's only the crawl of your inner conflict
  Spoiling your taste for curds and whey.

Let the naïve, the eager listeners,
  Wait in vain for the blinding word,
All they will get is your private pet,
  The inner conflict—merely transferred.

—SEC

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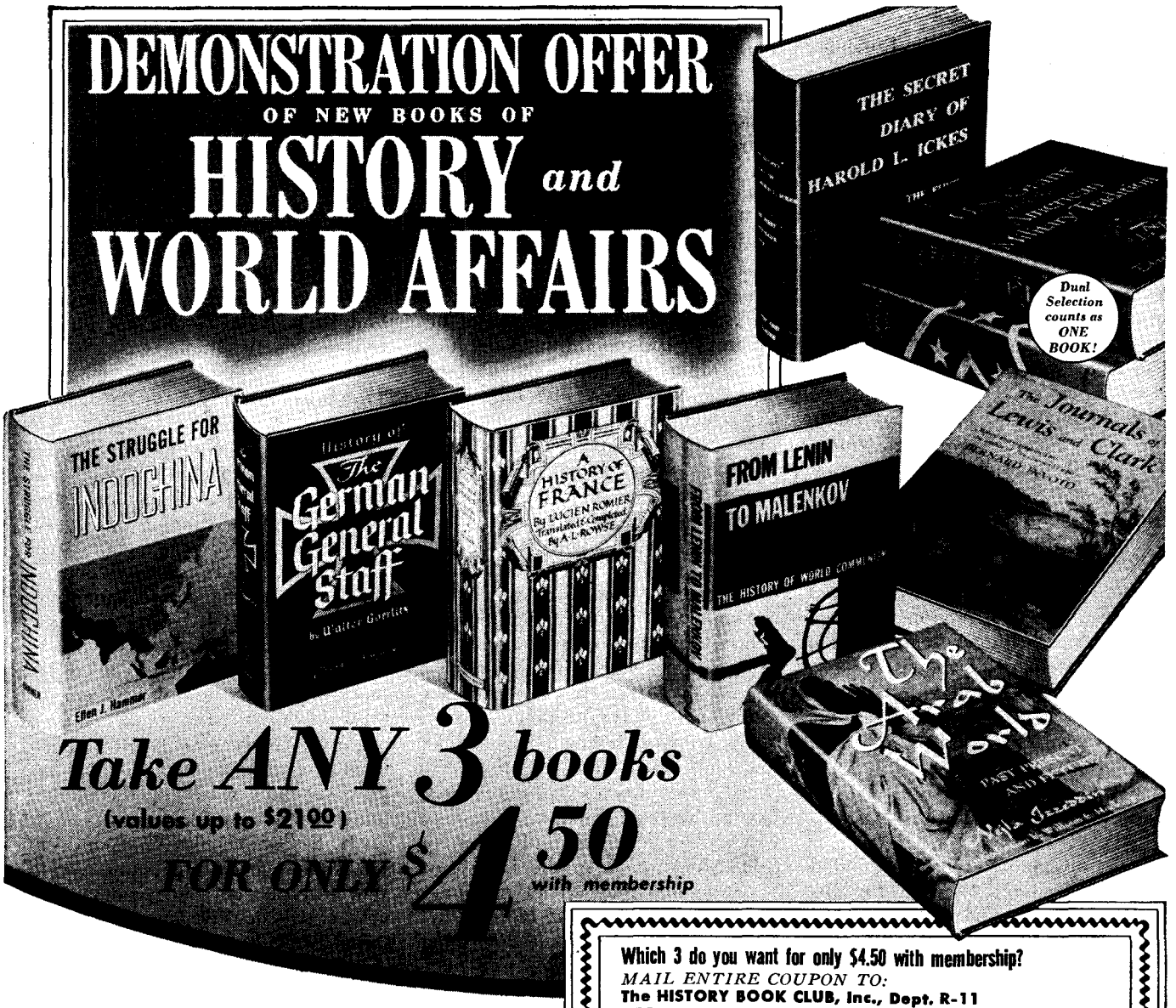
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talk, and outmaneuver the Russians?

Perhaps we can spare ourselves this worry. For if our diplomacy cannot do the job, Sir Anthony's probably will. Of course, once in a while, our press may carry derogatory information about Sir Anthony, but that will not stop his career. In him, as *Life* puts it, praising his achievement after the London Conference, the West may well have found The Man.

Perils of the Partisan Press

The three-column lead headline in the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* October 19 read as follows:

DEWEY OPENS FORUM,
SEES NATION HURT BY
RECKLESS CAMPAIGNS

In the story under it, New York State's retiring governor was quoted as saying piously: "A violent charge makes a much bigger headline than a calm statement of the truth."

The bigger headline was a banner in the *Tribune* twenty-four hours later. It read:

IVES LINKS HARRIMAN TO 1930 SCANDAL

Remembrance of Things Past

It is not always good to be reminded of a past abolished once and for all—at the cost of unspeakable suffering—in the Second World War.

Apparently there was this fellow, a Mr. King Blackwell, aged twenty-three, who was late for a football game because he had been to church, and when he came into the stadium at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, he was looking for his seat and he knew he was late and feared that someone would run back the kickoff for a touchdown before he could even start watching. He was aware that a band was playing something—it was the National Anthem—and that everyone was standing up, but then a policeman knocked his hat off and marched him out of the stadium to the police station and charged him with disrespect for the flag.

The trouble is that in the Via Condotti in Rome, years ago, the Fascists were parading down the street and then one of them broke ranks and knocked somebody's hat off and then slapped him in the face; the trouble is that in Essen, years ago, the Nazis were marching down the street when one of them broke ranks and knocked off somebody's hat and put a knee in his groin.

If the Democrats Win

Not long ago we received an interesting letter from the Republican National Committee appealing "urgently" for funds to "assure the President the legislative majority he needs to complete his splendid program." One of the arguments urged on us by Congressman Richard M. Simpson, chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, ran: "Imagine President Eisenhower begging Sam Rayburn or John McCormack in the House, or someone like that, to let necessary legislation go through? He couldn't do it. He wouldn't do it. We don't want him to do it."

We have tried to imagine this situation, and frankly we are not as disturbed as Congressman Simpson. Of course, we don't like to think of the President "begging" anybody—not even as good, as seasoned a politician as Sam Rayburn. Rather, we think that the President would get along famously with the "new team" of Democratic Congressional leaders. First of all, he wouldn't find them very different from their Republican predecessors, considering that there would be among them such wild radicals as Senators Russell, Byrd, and George. In fact, the Republicans who are appalled at that prospect may be prompted by the fear that the Democratic Congressional leaders may acquire so much influence over the President as to convince him to run for re-election on the Democratic ticket.

The Inner Man

Sometimes we wonder why the President subjects himself to the punishment of reciting the inane stuff his speech writers grind out. Unlike some of his associates, Mr. Eisenhower is impressive when he speaks off the cuff about something he feels deeply. Take, for instance, the other day when he went over to the State Department for an award ceremony. Most newspapers, except those in Washington, took little notice of it. Yet to our way of thinking, what he had to say was far more impressive than many of the highly touted television appeals.

Mr. Eisenhower recalled an occasion shortly after the Second World War when he got into an argument with a British diplomat who saw a threat to peace in the fact the military had such power in the control of defeated Germany. Mr. Eisenhower told him, "My friend, I would like for you to know that the soldier has only one excuse for living in this world and that is to regain the peace that you diplomats lost in the first place."

But, the President assured his State Department audience, "even if there was a modicum of truth in what I said then, there no longer is." The soldier "can no longer regain a peace that is usable to the world." Another war would mean, he said, "a tattered nation in a world that was . . . in ashes."

It was a splendid impromptu statement, worthy of that inner man that is in the President and of whom, once in a great while, we still get a glimpse. That inner man must have more lives than a cat, considering that he manages to survive, hemmed in as he is by the Republican chieftain and the "partner" of Senator Knowland and Vice-President Nixon.

REPUBLICAN AT THE POLLS

Button, button, who's got the button?
Not on my lapel—
Only the slightly sheepish face
Might tell.

Curtain, curtain, close the curtain
And push the levers *so*—
If my fingers stray this election day,
Who'll know?

—SEC

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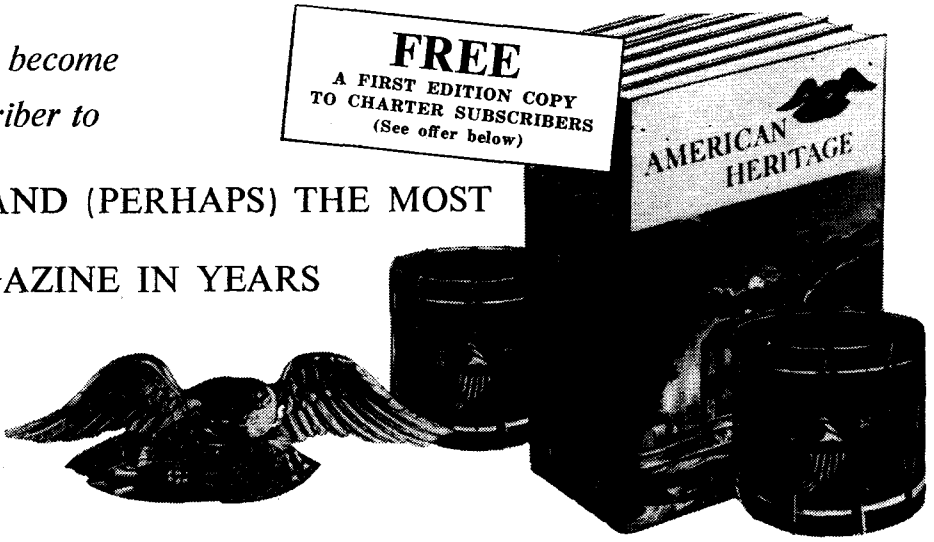

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SCIENCE

To the Editor: I much enjoyed reading Theodore H. White's "U.S. Science: The Troubled Quest" (*The Reporter*, September 14, 23), and find that the articles were very sensible indeed. Needless to say, I am highly disturbed by the new book on the hydrogen bomb, which I and most of my scientific colleagues think is a most unwise attack on a large number of scientists. I do wish that other writers on this subject would take the same line that *The Reporter* has.

HAROLD C. UREY
Chicago

THE CRUSADE

To the Editor: May I express sincere admiration for the integrity and courage Martin Merson demonstrated in writing "A Businessman's Education in Government" (*The Reporter*, October 7). It was read aloud in our household.

HALBERT L. DUNN
Washington

To the Editor: Although most of the people who read *The Reporter* are well aware of the meaning and methods of McCarthyism, it was very helpful to have such a vivid and personal account from a person who has experienced it directly.

At the close of Mr. Merson's article he expressed some optimism, although guarded optimism, that men of ability and ideals would still continue to serve their country. I hope this optimism is justified, although the present climate in Washington does not seem to be receptive to such persons. At least articles like this will alert similar men to what they may expect if the present trend continues. I wonder how many others who participated in the great crusade suffered similar disillusionments.

EARL A. REITAN
Normal, Illinois

To the Editor: Martin Merson's article should be sent to and read by every businessman in the United States, especially those "of a traditionally Democratic family" who became Democrats for Eisenhower. The scope of the futility, viciousness, cowardice, and perfidy of the "Great Crusade" as portrayed therein might conceivably awaken some of these gentlemen.

The deeper I got into the story the more I burned at the goings-on in Washington. Now, I said to myself every few paragraphs, now Merson and Johnson will blow their tops, as any decent men would do—now they will tell Cohn and Schine where to go. But they never did. Like meek lambs these two shining knights in search of good government took the browbeating, abuse, and insults.

And finally, when all is done, what bothered Merson most—"*how the business community as a whole will be affected if this Administration . . . is a failure.*"

I, for one, cannot kill the fatted calf if Mr. Merson decides to return to the Democratic fold.

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, New York

To the Editor: I congratulate you on Martin Merson's recent piece in *The Reporter*. I believe I have some insight into the emotional toll, the experience, and, more importantly, the public revelation involved. Thank you for a courageous act.

The case study indicates so clearly what some of us have seen and felt that I wish for it a wide distribution. The moral crusade —if there ever was one—met an early demise. Ignorance and professed piety in combination are fatal to good government.

ARTHUR H. BRAYFIELD
Manhattan, Kansas

To the Editor: I read with rapt interest the article "My Education in Government" by Martin Merson, with all the inanity, cowardice, and downright viciousness that it revealed. My amazement was greatest, however, when I read the concluding paragraph in which the author could find that the only remedy is to be found in the eventual change of character in Mr. Eisenhower, the source of all the trouble he describes.

I had to conclude, "Good heavens, this man is dumber than Eisenhower himself!" He obviously does not have the least inkling of the implications of all he has gone through. He should by all means have changed the title of the article; he has not learned a damn thing.

S. I. PHILLIPS
Vancouver, Washington

To the Editor: Congratulations to Martin Merson on his eye-opener and to *The Reporter* for printing it. This is one of those times I like to think the President isn't too busy to read *The Reporter* (or too well insulated from it by advisers, appointments, and other reading material).

JANET L. COYE
Rochester, New York

20TH-CENTURY REPUBLICAN?

To the Editor: Some time ago (December 8, 1953) you published a highly laudatory article on Republican Congressman Charles Brownson of Indianapolis. Since then I have had it repeatedly thrown in my teeth. "Why, look," my Republican friends say, "even *The Reporter* praises Brownson!"

It is with much pleasure that I call to your attention an article which appeared on page one of the second section of the October 15 Louisville *Courier-Journal*. (The story was suppressed by the Indianapolis papers.)

"INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 14—Hoosier Democrats barked lustily today on the trail of an extra political dividend from the Wilson bird dog bowwow. They hope they have Congressman Charles Brownson, Indianapolis Republican, treed.

"The story of how Brownson—running

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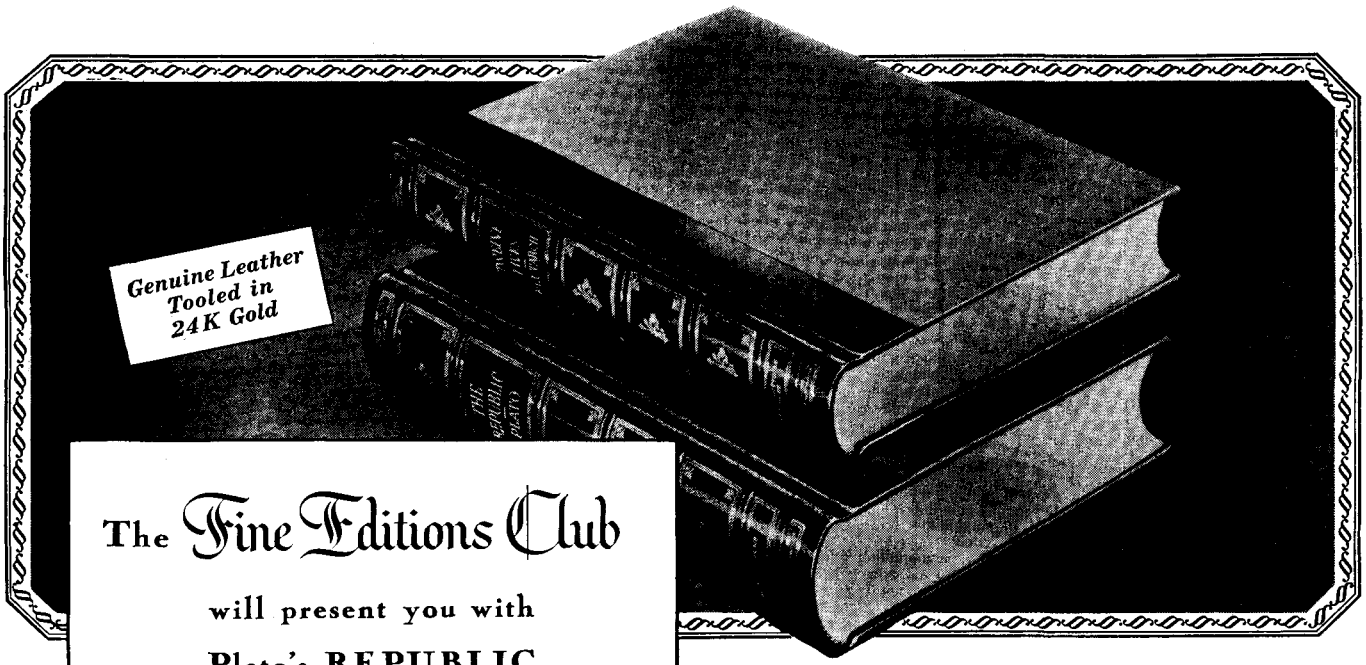

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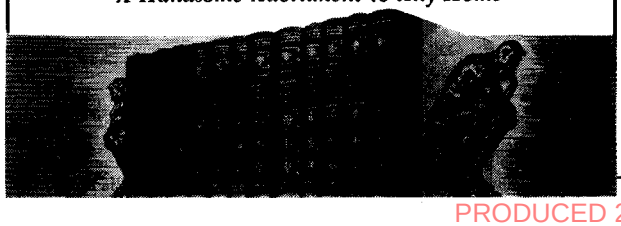

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scared, as the saying goes, for re-election—got involved in the dog fight has a long tail.

"Brownson was engaged in debate with his Democratic opponent, Charles H. Boswell, at the Broad Ripple American Legion Hall last night. The congressman said in the course of a fiery endorsement of Defense Secretary Wilson:

" 'It is wonderful to attend a reception in Washington now and be able to tell the Cabinet members from the waiters. That couldn't always be done.' . . .

"Brownson said, in amplifying his Cabinet member-waiter comparison, that he didn't have any particular former Cabinet member in mind.

" 'But some of them used to make horrible speeches—you couldn't believe they were Cabinet members,' he said. 'Now, the present Cabinet members look intelligent—their expressions show they've been in business and know what's what.' . . ."

I move Brownson be given the Charles E. Wilson Bird Dog Trophy for the most ineffable twaddle of the year—even counting Wilson's own remarks.

Seriously, in addition to making idiotic speeches, Brownson is far from the flower of liberal Republicanism. He voted for the tidelands giveaway; against requiring prior court approval for wiretapping; against the St. Lawrence Seaway.

I have no objection to my favorite magazine's praising Republicans—provided they're like George Aiken, John Sherman Cooper, or Jacob Javits. But praiseworthy Republicans are mighty darn scarce in Indiana.

GEORGE F. JONES
Crawfordsville, Indiana

THE UPA TEAM

To the Editor: All of us at UPA-New York were delighted with Marya Mannes's enthusiastic article about our studio (*The Reporter*, October 7).

For myself, I was a bit embarrassed with riches. Most of Miss Mannes's praise was directed toward me personally, to the exclusion of the most important men at UPA: Steve Bosustow, our president since the beginning of UPA ten years ago, makes possible everything we do. He established and backs up our production policy. Don McCormick, the manager of our New York studio, administers that policy here and takes active part in serving our clients.

Animation, to me, is the world's most communal art medium, and no one person can claim exclusive credit for any of our pictures.

Similarly, many of the advertising agencies we work for make it possible for us to do our best by supplying us with excellent material to work with. Such was the case with the Jell-O "Busy Day" spots, written by Young and Rubicam; and with the "Omnibus" sun, which was suggested by Robert Saudek, head of the Ford Foundation TV Workshop.

One more thing: Your figure of $50,000 suggesting the average TV-spot cost is at least ten times too high and might have frightened someone, especially Bill Bernal, our salesman.

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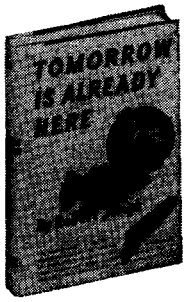

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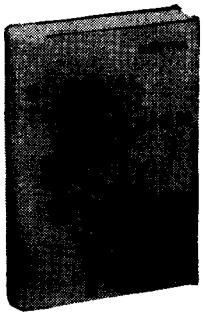

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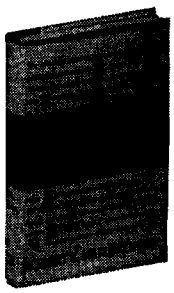

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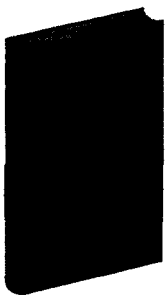

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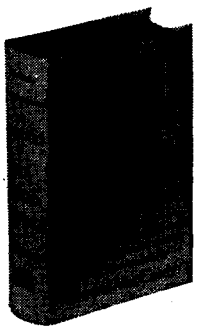

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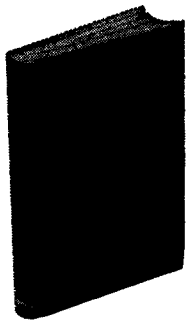

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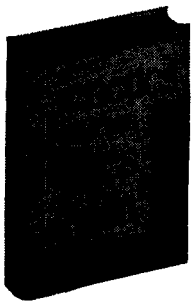

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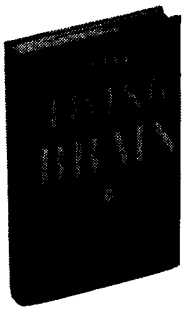

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MAYBE there is something more than meets the eye in this year's Congressional elections. At least that was the conclusion reached in **Max Ascoli's** editorial in our last issue. He now returns to the same point—with greater emphasis. It is rather dangerous to assume that even in party politics "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be," as is written in Ecclesiastes.

A man who seems thoroughly alert to the danger to which his party is exposed is Vice-President Nixon. He is not running for office but has done more speechmaking than any other Republican leader. The fact is, according to **Robert Bendiner,** that the career of the supersalesman of the Republican Party may well be brought to an end if his effort to keep his party united should fail. Mr. Bendiner is a free-lance writer whose last *Reporter* article, on the New Jersey Senate race, appeared in our issue of October 21.

A curious phenomenon of campaign demonology has been all the Republican talk about the A.D.A. as left-wing, radical, and, at least by implication, near Communist if not Communist. These wild allegations prove only that the A.D.A. now finds itself in the farthest reaches of the respectable and patriotic Left. Should these slogans about the A.D.A. become widely accepted commonplaces, who would be next in line for attack? The Eisenhower Republicans? **Eric Sevareid** gives the facts about A.D.A. with, as is his custom, a minimum of words and a maximum of sense. Mr. Sevareid is one of our best-known commentators, but above all he is a first-rate writer—evidence being his *Not So Wild a Dream.*

In spite of the President's desire to leave the Communist issue out of the campaign, we have witnessed an even shriller round of the "numbers game," and Vice-President Nixon, who prepares but one speech per campaign which he delivers to every audience, has extolled the job the Republicans have done in throwing people out of their government jobs on "security" or "moral" grounds. Aside from denouncing this rather peculiar electoral gimmick, it is important to find out how security risks can be eliminated by a method that would still be inspired by the principles that are embedded in our Constitution. **Anthony Lewis** has done a great deal of thinking on this subject, has questioned many competent lawyers, and now offers his own report on what can be done. We are particularly proud to have Mr. Lewis once more in our pages, since he is the man who wrote for us the story "Victim of Nameless Accusers" (*The Reporter,* March 2, 1954) about "Bernard Goldsmith" (Abraham Chasanow). Largely because of that story, the Chasanow case entered the public domain. Justice was rendered to Mr. Chasanow and his government position was restored. We suspect that a not inconsiderable part of the credit for the happy ending of the case must go to Mr. Lewis.

No matter whether these elections show any new characteristics, certainly there is something that will happen after the returns are in that has always happened before: the breast beating and soul searching of defeated party leaders. To such tormented souls, **John Kenneth Galbraith** presents the benefit of his good counsel. Mr. Galbraith is that rarity, an economist with a sense of humor, and he is a writer who likes to put his skill to work on broader subjects than his field of specialization affords.

IN OUR LAST issue we published the Wilma Montesi mystery story. This time we present another mystery thriller, again from Europe and again with the gravest political implications. Occasionally we publish straight fiction, but could any fiction match the strange vicissitudes that are in **Edmond Taylor's** account of Baranès, the double or triple agent? Mr. Taylor, former secretary of the Psychological Strategy Board and author of *Strategy by Terror,* writes regularly for us from Europe.

William Clark, a leading British journalist, diplomatic correspondent for the London *Observer,* writes about Hugh Gaitskell, a man to whom the American press has not paid any great attention but who may well be Labour's next leader.

The Senatorial election in Oregon has attracted national attention both because of the Democratic candidate's personality and the attacks to which he has been subjected. **Joe Miller,** now free-lancing in Seattle, has covered hydroelectric power developments in the Northwest for several years.

Marya Mannes brings a firsthand report on a problem to which we shall soon return.

BEFORE he started *The Reporter,* our Editor used to be a philosopher or at least a teacher of political philosophy. If he could, he would give much more of his time to what was his first calling. In this issue he returns to philosophy; he could not resist writing a short review about a philosopher he immensely admires.

Our review of the latest study of General MacArthur is by a man highly qualified to do the job. **Louis Morton,** Chief of the Pacific Section of the Army's Office of Military History and author of *The Fall of the Philippines,* has been actively engaged in the study and writing of military affairs since his assignment as historical officer in the South Pacific in the Second World War.

Our campaign cover is by our art editor, **Reg Massie,** who has secured a three-dimensional effect called paper sculpture by cutting out paper trains (they are not the modern Diesels), stations, and the cheering electorate at a whistle stop, and then photographing them against a white background.

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VOLUME 11, NO. 8 **NOVEMBER 4, 1954**

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On Election Eve

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The Issue Nobody Mentions

WHO CAN LOOK at the ordeal candidates for office are going through these days without marveling at the amount of punishment human flesh can take? Modern technological and public-relations devices have only served to multiply the number of acts these hapless creatures must perform for weeks and weeks, at an ever-faster, frantic pace up to late at night on the first Tuesday in November. Radio and TV bring us the strained high pitch of their voices and the haggard grin their faces wear twenty-four hours a day.

We should all be grateful to these men and women who jeopardize their physical and nervous health to serve something much more important than their personal ambitions and the interests of their backers: They embody and make physically real the abstract principles of competitive politics and of representative institutions. This embodiment, to be at all effective, cannot help being a rough, sometimes savage ordeal. Democratic politics cannot help being tough, any more than it can help being old-fashioned—most particularly our American kind of politics. Our political machines are the object of righteous indignation, particularly during a campaign. But not many bother to notice how these machines are of the handicraft rather than of the electronic variety. If there are any labor-saving devices in their operation, certainly the candidates have never heard of them.

The Crafty Mariners

Our party system has the distinction of being not only the oldest but the most old-fashioned in the world. In every national election the frantic appeals for money and for the enlistment of unprofessional, unpaid workers clearly reveal the loose, fitful, archaic nature of our parties. The selection of the men who are to compete for the key jobs in our Federal government is entrusted to outfits of a still unregenerate confederal nature. It can be said of both our parties that they never gave themselves anything approaching a Federal constitution, with definite if limited centralized powers entrusted to an adequate and permanent bureaucracy.

In no other country on earth are there major parties so untouched by the traditional American principles of efficient management. Even in Britain, where the two-party system may seem somewhat similar to ours, both Conservatives and Labourites have their own smoothly functioning, full-time national machines. In the countries with strong Communist minorities, the democratic parties that want to stay in business must set up an apparatus vigorous and expensive enough to counteract the network of the comrades' cells.

There is nothing of this kind in our country. Our two parties do not find the backbone of their electoral strength in a cellular network or in trade unions or in the Church. They compete for the support of citizens of all occupations, races, and creeds; they guarantee the coexistence of all blocs of voters; they reflect and preserve the infinite variety of groups and interests that is America. Their ideological structure notoriously is as weak as their full-time national bureaucracy. Unlike the European, our parties are not supplementary organs of government.

Rather than to machines, our parties should be compared to sailboats, designed to negotiate the best possible course allowed by the winds of opinion and the tides of interests. Normally they make only the short run between nomination and election. Between trips, the ships are laid up, and certainly they are not made for the open sea and stormy winds.

Our party system saddens those who like their politics mixed with ideologies. But during most of its existence it has served the country well. It has blunted the sharpness of issues in a nation of enormous vigor driven by conflicting interests. It had only one memorable failure: the Civil War. In more recent times, we owe it to the stubbornly archaic nature of our parties that at least one vital sector of our national life has escaped what Justice Brandeis called the curse of bigness. For, one after another, we have had the emerging and the permanent consolidation of Big Business, Big Government,

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and Big Labor. But we have never had and we still do not have Big Party.

The Parties at Bay

This time there is nothing different in the way the elections are being fought—except that the country's position in the world is so different.

There is nothing particularly new or sinister if the issues raised by the Congressional candidates bear little resemblance to those that they themselves, if successful, will have to deal with. Candidates on the stump cannot help indulging in crude oversimplifications. But as long as the issues are of a predominantly domestic nature and directly affect the citizens' pocketbooks, the turn of economic events provides the voters with a rough yet workable criterion for judging how well or how badly their representatives have fared. It has happened more than once that social and economic reforms long postponed by the politicians have been pushed through by a depression.

But now our people are face to face with a formidable coalition of antagonistic governments. These governments are far from having unrestrained freedom of action unaffected by the course that we and our allies may choose. Actually, the power to decide the destiny of the world and possibly the survival of the human race is divided about fifty-fifty—half in our coalition and half in that of our opponents. We possess weapons of horrible, probably irreparable, destructiveness—so do our opponents. The democratic coalition abhors the prospect of ever using these weapons—so also do our opponents pretend. Should total war burst out, our citizens would have little chance to pass judgment on their rulers.

In these elections, the politicians of both parties vie with each other in proclaiming their unshakable devotion to peace. Again there is nothing new in the fact that candidates for office make pledges far beyond their capacity to perform. But there is something new and most alarming in the fact that what the candidates say on the stump does not seem to be very different from what the highest national leaders too keep saying and—as far as one can judge—keep on thinking.

The state of the voters' pocketbooks can offer little guidance to the men responsible for decisions affecting the life and death of the American people. This condition of apprehension, this uncertainty about the course our nation should follow, weighs heavily on our two parties. It has nearly wrecked one of them, the Republican, in whose ranks there has developed a strong tendency to deal with the Communist danger by chasing domestic Reds or, lacking Reds, "security risks." Among Republicans, but not exclusively, another current of opinion has found some adherents: the opinion that the sooner the showdown with Communism the better, and that the most likely occasion for the showdown is to be expected in the Far East. The Democrats, on the contrary, have been by and large inclined to think that this horrible business of having to live with a remorseless enemy has become part of the hard business of life in our times. Yet although they are inured to the burden of power, the Democrats have been restrained by the nature of our politics from bringing into existence an American equivalent of the British "Shadow Cabinet"—an alternate set of minority leaders who steadily watch the course of national affairs and keep themselves ready to resume the government of the nation.

Both our parties are too decentralized and confederal in their nature to afford formulation of a coherent and sustained foreign policy. They have little or no backlog of thinking, even of the most pragmatic and unideological variety, at a time when hard, emergency thinking is desperately needed on such subjects as our alliances, the role our country should play in the economies of other nations, or the control of the nuclear armament race. Our parties still reflect the people's feelings and interests, but they cannot broaden the range of these interests; they cannot provide the facts and the ideas the people need to decide wisely.

As it is, the nation knows too little about foreign affairs, and the parties reflect and cultivate this lack of knowledge. This is why our foreign policy has been, at least during the last four years, irresolute and limp. Both parties, in and out of government, have faced difficulties in international affairs that they could neither overcome nor evade. This inadequacy of our parties is the major, though unheralded, issue of our politics.

FORTUNATELY, our ancient and invaluable political system can avail itself of other means for meeting situations of this kind—situations which demand a vigor of leadership, a clarity of vision that our parties cannot now provide. Groups of citizens, brought to act together by an emergency, have frequently played a major role in awakening the people to national danger. This was the case, for instance, when the nation, at the time of the so-called phony war, was awakened to the danger of Hitlerism. A short time ago there was a Committee on the Present Danger, which did some useful work. If it still exists, it should spring into action, for the danger to our nation could not be greater or more present.

If good citizens with a capacity for independent thinking and for acting together will do their job, then the parties will once more register the people's mood. This is not the time to wish for more centralized and powerful parties. In fact, it is to be hoped that parties of the European type will never come into existence in our country. This is the time when the basic issues must be thought through by the largest number of people. These issues are peace, security, subversion—including that subversion which operates in the name of security.

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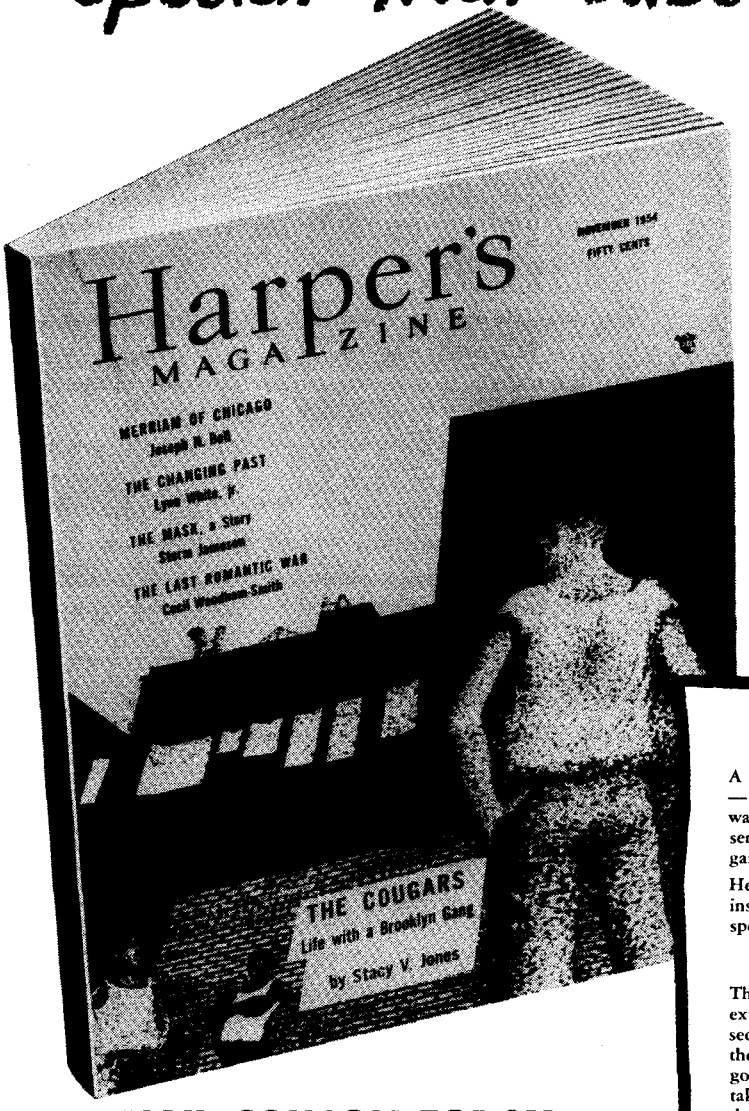

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THE COUGARS: Life with a Brooklyn Gang

A few years ago the Cougars were one of the toughest gangs in Brooklyn — notorious for homicides and savage gun battles with rival gangs. That was when young Kenny Marshall — one of seventeen "street-club" workers sent out by the New York City Youth Board — made contact with the gang and won its members' confidence.

Here is a first-hand account of how Marshall proceeded to learn the inside facts of gang-life, and of what he succeeded in doing with his special knowledge. ***Stacy V. Jones***

CAN OUR TEACHERS READ AND WRITE?

The author of this startling article had the unhappy task of teaching an extension course in American literature to twenty-eight primary and secondary school teachers in a large Midwestern university last year. At the end, he found himself wondering how illiterate you can be and still go on teaching. Here is his horrifying line-by-line review of the evidence, taken from the papers of these teachers who had been qualified to instruct the young. ***James D. Koerner***

WHAT I SAW IN RED CHINA

This remarkable letter, written by a French missionary priest to an American priest, presents a striking picture of the day-to-day life in Red China — describing the suppression of religion, the underground survival of Christianity, the new status of women, and the efficiency and appeal of the new regime to many classes of Chinese. Released to Harper's Magazine with the author's permission, this is truly an extraordinary document. ***by a Catholic Missionary***

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF MANAGEMENT

More and more it would seem that the managers of American business have no time for business. Symphony orchestras, the United Nations, religious tolerance, freedom of the press, the arts — all absorb management's time and energy. A leading management consultant questions the wisdom of this, and points out management's real responsibilities to its employees and to its immediate community. ***Peter F. Drucker***

THE LAST ROMANTIC WAR

The author of *The Reason Why,* the superb, best-selling history of the Charge of the Light Brigade, reconstructs the peculiarly gay and eccentric atmosphere of the Crimean War — when officers' wives came as guests to see the battle as they might see a play, and tourists with picnic baskets wandered at will among the troops. ***Cecil Woodham-Smith***

Also in this issue: THE CHANGING PAST by *Lynn White, Jr.* . . . THE DEATH OF LADY MONDEGREEN by *Sylvia Wright* . . . MERRIAM OF CHICAGO: Politician Without a Party by *Joseph N. Bell* . . . MAJORCA FOR LIVING by *Charles W. Thayer* . . . THE MASK by *Storm Jameson* . . . THE EASY CHAIR by *Bernard DeVoto* . . . AFTER HOURS by *Mr. Harper* . . . THE NEW BOOKS by *Randall Jarrell* . . . THE NEW RECORDINGS by *Edward Tatnall Canby* . . . LETTERS . . . PERSONAL & OTHERWISE.

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All Things To All Republicans

ROBERT BENDINER

THEY USED to call Robert A. Taft "Mr. Republican," but that was a mistake. The late Senator from Ohio represented, after all, only one facet of the political polyhedron called the Grand Old Party. The real "Mr. Republican," as the current election campaign has clearly shown, is Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, who enthusiastically represents all sides of the solid and who can instantly face in any required direction, his politics being, like Artemus Ward's, "of an exceedin' accommodatin' character."

If Mr. Nixon's unique flexibility allows him to smile as warmly on an alleged "socialist" in New Jersey as on a devotee of Colonel McCormick in Illinois, it does not follow that he is a man without political principle. He has, indeed, an overriding principle, and it is altogether political. Quite simply, it is the unity, perhaps even the survival, of the Republican Party.

Not only in this campaign but in his every act since he assumed the Vice-Presidency one may see the preoccupation of a man who has persuaded himself that Judgment Day for the G.O.P. is at hand; that this year's polling is either the promise of paradise or Custer's Last Stand. To party strategists gathered in Cincinnati early in September he is quoted as having dealt thus with the possibility of defeat: "If that happens this year, we are done . . . We might as well fold up our tents and go away."

Seen in the light of this desperate conviction, the Nixon campaign strategy makes sense that might not otherwise be apparent. For it rests exclusively neither on the Taft formula (to win you have only to bring out the full conservative vote, long repelled by Republican candidates of a New Dealish hue) nor on the *avant garde* doctrine that only by stealing liberal votes from the Democrats can the party hope to attain a national majority. Mr. Nixon's idea is to use both approaches, letting neither hand know what the other

doeth and speaking always the magic name of Eisenhower.

Whatever the merits of this battle plan, it could obviously be carried out only by a man trained in the art of reconciling white with black, Left with Right, President Eisenhower with Senator McCarthy. And in this field the Vice-President is a practitioner without peer.

The Vacuum Filler

Since John N. Garner every Vice-President has been credited with introducing an element of significance into an office whose occupant, Benjamin Franklin once said, should be styled "His Superfluous Excellency." But Mr. Nixon is the first to make it count. Stepping into the most amateurish and politically maladroit Administration since Grant's, the shrewd young professional from California found a vacuum and proceeded to fill every cubic inch of it, to the enormous relief and satisfaction of a President who has neither the talent nor the taste for politics. Splitting his time between Senate, Cabinet, National Security Council, and high-powered private conferences, he has had a hand in every major operation of the Eisenhower Administration.

Mr. Nixon has been variously dubbed "Mr. Fix-it," "the best-informed man in Washington," and "Mother's busy little helper." But whatever he is called, and however dimly critics may view his labors, his record as middleman, peacemaker, honest broker, and human bridge is remarkable from the standpoint of sheer industry and effectiveness. A brief look at it goes far to explain the nature of the present campaign and why the Vice-President was Mr. Eisenhower's inevitable choice to lead it.

To any Republican with a grain of political understanding—and Mr. Nixon has grains to spare—it was perfectly clear that in 1952 the country voted not for the G.O.P. but for Dwight D. Eisenhower. If the party was to parlay this lucky stroke into a lasting grip on power, it would have to follow the President's lead, show a capacity to govern, and produce results. Unfortunately the President had no disposition to lead, preferring the statelier role of symbol. What was worse, to many Republicans still licking their Convention wounds he was an interloper who had made off with Senator Taft's rightful heritage. And to many others he was primarily a happy accident, the fortuitous means to an election victory. Leadership,

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then, would have to come from Republicans on Capitol Hill, a faction-ridden lot trained for sniping at an Administration, not for framing its programs.

THE FIRST order of the day was to bridge the numerous gulfs that divided the party—by compromise if possible, by appeasement if neces-

sary, and by all means quietly. Mr. Nixon was ready and ripe for the task.

On the troubled McCarthy front he managed to push through the Bohlen and Conant appointments over the head of Wisconsin's problem child and to get a threatened McCarthy probe of the Central Intelligence Agency shelved. On the other hand he persuaded Secretary of State Dulles to make peace with McCarthy in the affair of the Greek shipowners, leaving poor Harold Stassen to shout up a rainpipe that the Senator's private treaty with the Greeks was undermining the State Department. And again, it was the Vice-President who arranged the famous chicken luncheon at which Secretary of the Army Robert Stevens came close to losing his all without even knowing it.

When not engaged as a one-man truce team in the various McCarthy uprisings, Mr. Nixon found time for similar work elsewhere. He got the late Senator Pat McCarran to call off a filibuster on the immigation bill. He smoothed the feathers of Dan Reed when that irascible Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee was forced to swallow the President's tax program, and even got the two to pose genially for pictures. His office was like the truce tent at Panmunjom.

The Salesman Hits the Road

It was not likely that a man who had been spending all his time as the party's patcher-in-chief would allow the good work to be squandered in a Congressional campaign. He had demonstrated his talents as a supersalesman, and now the Boss was sending him on the road.

The first thing a salesman has to do, presumably, is examine his line and decide which customers can be sold on what items. In Mr. Nixon's case these determinations were easy. Voters in general were to be sold President Eisenhower, a proven commodity and the biggest Republican seller since Harding's "normalcy." Party officials were to be sold unity—at any price and by whatever sales talk came to mind. And the independents, the waverers, the disgruntled—these were to be sold the old 1952 line, known in the trade as K-1,C-3, or Korea, Communism, corruption, and controls.

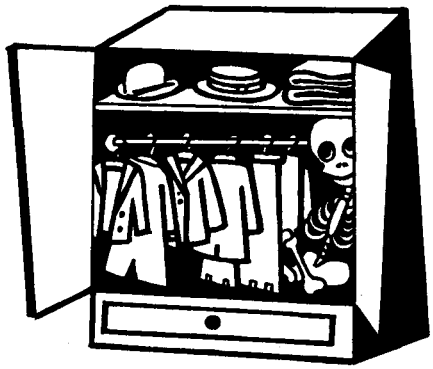
If there was one thing Salesman Nixon could not afford it was consistency, and he quickly made it clear that this was not to be one of his commodities. At a meeting of the Republican National Committee early in September he served notice that the President would back all Republican nominees over all Democratic nominees, regardless of policy differences. He had no use, he said, for Republicans who opposed Clifford Case in New Jersey because he was "too liberal" or for those who opposed Joseph Meek in Illinois because he was "too conservative." Only one thing was important: "We've got to get forty-eight votes in the Senate and let's get that into our heads."

THIS understandable preoccupation with party solidarity, let policies fall where they may, has led Mr. Nixon into contradictions that would abash a lesser man. What kind of Democrat is waiting to take over? he asks. A pause—and then he answers: not sensible conservatives "like Walter George," but those terrible "left-wing A.D.A.-line Democrats who are waiting hungrily to seize the reins." These are the people, he warns, who "ruthlessly ruled the roost at their Chicago Convention two years ago" and who now control the Democratic National Committee—"Stevenson and his left-wing A.D.A. mouthpieces." Communism, it appears, is pretty well in hand, and the new bogey is the A.D.A.

Sooner or later people were bound to ask about Jacob K. Javits, one of the A.D.A.'s few Republican pets and the G.O.P. candidate for Attorney General of New York State. When they do, the Vice-President blandly changes into the cloak he wears for playing the broad-minded statesman. Yes, he said on one such occasion, Javits "votes a liberal line among Republicans, but we feel in the party there is room for that."

Stands on the Far East

Take almost any position on Far Eastern policy and you can find a Nixon quotation to back you up. As the President's spokesman in the debate with Stevenson, he had said in March that the Administration would never allow "the Communists to nibble us to death all over the world in little wars" like Korea. But as an anonymous "high government official" he told the American Society of Newspaper Editors on April 16 that the free world could not afford the loss of Dienbienphu and that if the French withdrew we would have



to face up to the situation and send troops—presumably to be nibbled in a little war.

By April 20 the wind had veered again and he was telling guests at the University of Cincinnati Founders' Day dinner that the Administration's

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prime objective was to "keep us from having to send American boys to fight in Indo-China or anywhere else." And by June 13, with Dienbienphu lost, he was telling a Quaker audience in California that "putting down revolutions once they begin" is a hopeless business. Borrowing a leaf from the Henry Wallace of old, or from Mrs. Roosevelt, or maybe even from the wicked A.D.A., he went on: "We can win only if we associate ourselves vigorously and unequivocally with the aspirations of the people for economic progress, independence, peace, and equality."

For most audiences Mr. Nixon uses the formula on Korea that goes: "Truman-Acheson policy got us into war and Eisenhower-Dulles policy got us out of war." But at the famous off-the-record session with the editors he is said to have confided that it might have been better to stick it out in Korea until a substantial defeat was inflicted on the Chinese Communists, since the end of the war only paved the way for an intensified Red drive in Indo-China.

In his daily damnation of Truman for getting us into the Korean War, the Vice-President seems never to be bothered by the echo of remarks he made to the American Legion in St. Louis just over a year ago. The Korean issue had served its purpose in the 1952 campaign and the time had come, apparently, for statesmanship. A generous man when the political cost is reasonable, Mr. Nixon said: ". . . let's recognize right now that the decision to go into Korea was right. It was right because the Communists had to be stopped. And let me say that in the past I have had occasion to disagree with the former President of the United States, Mr. Truman, on some issues, but on this issue President Truman was right, and he deserves credit for making that decision and I'm glad to say it in his home state." After all, how could Mr. Nixon know then that in 1954 his party would run out of issues and have to fall back on K-1, C-3?

Stands on McCarthyism

Adlai Stevenson's jibe that the Republican Party is "half McCarthy and half Eisenhower" was already dated by the time the campaign had

THE DEMON A.D.A.

ERIC SEVAREID

NO POLITICAL CAMPAIGN seems to be complete without its conspiracies, myths, and invisible demons. This campaign too is laboring hard to give birth to a demon bearing the mystic, cabalistic title "A.D.A." To some Republicans of New Jersey who oppose their own party's nominee, Clifford Case, A.D.A. means socialism or something worse; to Mr. Nixon on his stump tour, it is a "wing" of the Democratic Party whose anti-Communism is suspect; to the Boston *Post*, the cabalistic symbol is so terrifying a threat to mother, home, and flag that the paper threatens every local candidate with attack unless he publicly repudiates the A.D.A. Meanwhile, most voters haven't the faintest idea of what A.D.A. is, nobody bothers to tell them, and the people who run A.D.A. show signs of apoplexy.

THE DEMON A.D.A., which means "Americans for Democratic Action," is not entirely invisible—it has 45,000 members in 120 local chapters—but it remains small and weak as political action groups go, even after seven years of work. It carries on the habit of giving its approval to local candidates through its local chapters, whether this hurts or harms the candidate, and it endorses Republicans as well as Democrats. It qualifies *both* Case and Howell in New Jersey, *both* Javits and young Roosevelt in New York; in the Massachusetts Senate race it endorses neither man; and in Chicago's city races it endorses more Republicans than Democrats. What it looks for is liberals, which, it maintains, is still a proud and honorable word despite all the editorial writers who put it between quotation marks.

It's questionable whether A.D.A. could be called a "wing" of the Democratic Party; one feather in a wing might be more accurate. But all of its national officers and board are Democrats with the questionable exception of Senator Morse, and it endorses, on the over-all, far more Democratic candidates than Republicans. This close affinity with one party has disappointed some of its early backers and makes its technical bipartisanship more hypothetical than real.

Whether it is effective or ineffective, partisan or bipartisan, are not, however, questions so important as the questions now being raised on the soap box about its patriotism or its stand on Communism. There it deserves to be heard, before another great political myth is created in the land. It is not only non-Communist, but so strongly anti-Communist that a new member not only has to be vouched for but is required to sign what amounts to a loyalty oath. In fact the biggest single reason for its creation, seven years ago, was to break up the Communists' game of confusing liberalism with Communism, of infiltrating liberal groups, and to give traditional American liberals a clear anti-Communist standard to repair to.

Those were the days of the Communist-inspired, Communist-dominated Wallace Progressive movement, which hoodwinked enough liberals who should have seen what was going on. One of the main reasons A.D.A. was organized was to *make* them see, and it fought the Wallace movement from the beginning. Among its founders, from organized labor, were Dubinsky, Reuther, and Carey, the very men who took the lead in the then very rough business of driving the Reds out of the unions.

The Communists were well aware of the threat such a new group meant to their tactics of confusion and infiltration. I covered one of the original A.D.A. organization meetings and I remember Communist hecklers trying to stop it before it could start. Since then the *Daily Worker* attacks on the A.D.A. have been bitter and continuous; and the A.D.A. attacks on Communist policies and tactics, domestic and international, have been equally unrelenting.

THE POLITICAL role and policies of the A.D.A. are no doubt open to criticism on many grounds, but not on the grounds of loyalty—certainly not without mangling the facts and the record beyond the recognition of informed and reasonable men.

(A broadcast by Mr. Sevareid over CBS Radio, October 6.)

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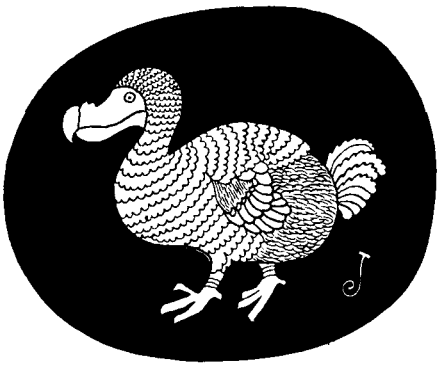
warmed up. The Mundt and Watkins hearings had altered the fifty-fifty proportion pretty drastically, but not so drastically that appeals weren't still to be directed to both camps. In view of the high state of feeling, a degree of skill was called for, and again Mr. Nixon was clearly the man for the job.

As a big-game hunter in the Marxian jungle his status had been fixed for all time the moment Alger Hiss peered into the mouth of Whittaker



Chambers and haltingly recognized George Crosley. He had done his best, as all Washington knew, to bring McCarthy and the President under the same tent. And he was a man who had himself used the Communist issue more than once to hack his way into political office, even though he knew in his Quaker conscience that neither Jerry Voorhis nor Helen Gahagan Douglas, his opponents, had any more use for the Kremlin than did Herbert Hoover.

On the other hand, it was the Vice-President who had finally read the riot act to McCarthy, admonishing him that "when we use unfair methods of fighting Communists we help to destroy freedom ourselves." With the widening of the breach between the Senator and the President, he had taken his stand with "the responsible leadership" of the party. He gave his blessing to the Watkins Committee and went so far as to equate the "bellows of McCarthy" with the "bleats" of Democratic Committee Chairman Mitchell.

The Vice-President was thus in a position to campaign as a responsible critic of McCarthy and at the same time to employ arguments and tactics that the junior Senator from Wisconsin had worked to a fine polish. He spurned such harmful barbarities as the "twenty-years-of-treason" line and hardly rated the appellation of "McCarthy in a white shirt" tagged on him in some Western states. Nevertheless, he managed to gladden the hearts of McCarthy admirers when he talked of the Truman Administration's "policy of surrender of principle" and when he broadly implied that Secretary Acheson and General Marshall were just what the wild men said they were.

He appealed to these same citizens by reviving the "security-risk" sleight-of-hand trick in a somewhat expanded form. On this score, at least, McCarthy has a right to complain of plagiarism.

Victory or Death

If you grant the premise that preservation of the Republican Party justifies a tricky campaign—and minus McCarthy it has been, in all fairness, a less blatant campaign than 1952—you will have to credit Mr. Nixon with a heroic effort. His has been the task of reconciling a *mésalliance,* of harmonizing a cacophony—and, win or lose, he has displayed a formidable talent.

Politics being what it is, however, he is unlikely to get much credit for the effort if it falls short of success. Should the Republicans be badly beaten, he will probably not be blamed, since it will be argued that no individual could have stemmed the Democratic tide. But the question of blame, in that case, will be academic, since in such circumstances the prospects for the party, and for Mr. Nixon along with it, will be bleak and forbidding. The Vice-President himself goes so far as to predict that if this is what fate has in store for November 2, his party "will be as dead as the dodo bird"—no doubt an exaggeration.

Should the G.O.P. lose narrowly, Mr. Nixon's position, ironically, will be at least as bad, for in that case the defeat may well be laid to any of his several blunders. His critics, in and out of the party, have been keeping tab on these for possible future use. Did he have to herald the Maine results, for example, as a test of the Eisenhower Administration? Did he have to pick New Jersey's Bergen County, ridden with Republican scandal, as a site to deplore Democratic corruption? Did he have to pick the industrial area of Ohio, pocked with unemployment, to proclaim 1954 "the most prosperous peacetime year in American history"? Was it necessary for him to compound the folly of Charles E. Wilson, the expert on canine social security, by hailing the bird-dog episode as a campaign "plus" item?

Outstanding in the faulty-judgment department was Mr. Nixon's talk to the editors, as much for the casual way he proposed the dispatch of troops to Indo-China as for the idea itself. On the influential newspapermen who heard his off-the-record remarks, the impression was sour, to put it charitably, and their condemnation was bipartisan. Mark Ethridge of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* thought it "very risky and dangerous for a man so high" to make such a proposal "by indirection." Frank E. Gannett, publisher of twenty-two papers and a Republican of the deepest dye, was "sorry Vice-President Nixon went as far as he did." And the apoplétic Colonel McCormick called the whole show "the next thing to insanity."

Only if the Republicans win the election can Nixon come out on top. Then his mistakes will be forgiven and his contradictions forgotten. Again he will be the clean-cut American boy, the Supersalesman, who once moved the nation to tears with the simple story of his family budget. More than that, he will stand out as the mastermind of the Eisenhower Administration and the savior of his party. In short, he will be the first Vice-President clearly headed for a Presidential nomination under his own power, and without the accident of succession, since Van Buren turned the trick in 1836.

The stakes are high, for himself and his party, and if they sometimes cause Mr. Nixon to swerve from the good, the true, and the beautiful, he can at least argue that he is not the first to lull his conscience in battle and indulge it at leisure.

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Our Security Program Need Not Be Unfair

ANTHONY LEWIS

AT ELECTION TIME politicians are once more waging the battle of security-risk statistics. Republicans, who retired from the field last winter because of a batch of dud ammunition, are back with a nicely timed Civil Service Commission report that almost seven thousand persons with security failings have resigned or been fired from government service in this Administration. Democrats, on the defensive on an issue that is difficult to explain, have cried "phony" and suggested that most of the seven thousand "risks" were hired by the Republicans anyway.

During this bitter partisan battle over statistics, the politicians of both parties have avoided any serious or constructive discussion of a problem that is even more important than who controls the next Congress—how our government can protect itself against disloyal and otherwise unreliable employees while at the same time protecting against injustice citizens who work for that government and many private citizens who are now being affected by security regulations.

This is not a partisan issue. The Republicans are now using security techniques developed by the Democrats in legislation and executive action during the postwar period.

BUT POLITICIANS ASIDE, the problem has recently received some serious attention. The American Assembly, meeting recently at Arden House, in Harriman, New York, found that security procedures "are doing serious damage to recruitment and to the effectiveness and morale of the Government service."

Dr. Vannevar Bush, the conservative dean of American scientists, recently described present security procedures as "very unfortunate" and said they seriously threaten defense research.

John Lord O'Brian, a distinguished Republican lawyer who just passed his eightieth birthday, has been concerned enough to speak and write on the subject repeatedly.

Or take Harry Green, a lawyer of Little Silver, New Jersey, who describes himself as a conservative Republican. He has represented such New Jersey Republican leaders as former Representative Fred A. Hartley and former Governors Walter Edge, Alfred Driscoll, and Harold Hoffman. He agreed to take on the cases of fourteen Fort Monmouth scientists and engineers because "they could not get another lawyer."

"It's been a year of my life—I shouldn't have done it," Mr. Green told the writer recently. "But when I saw what was going on—the vagueness, the mystery, how you have to demonstrate your innocence. . . . I never realized that anything like this could exist in this country.

"And, by God, I'm going to finish it. You see a situation like this right in your front yard. . . . No matter how casehardened you are—and I've never been one for these causes—you just can't stand it. I'm disturbed as a lawyer. But I'm also disturbed as a man. Where is this going to lead to?"

The writer knows many Washington lawyers who have handled security matters. Not one has finished a case, win or lose, without being deeply disturbed over the system. And many of them are trying to do something about it. Some are challenging in the courts the 1950 case which upheld the constitutionality of loyalty procedures, *Bailey* v. *Richardson*. Others have drafted proposals for legislation. Many of these lawyers are convinced that it is possible to devise methods that more closely reconcile the interest of national security with individual rights—not only possible but urgently necessary. The ideas of these lawyers are reflected in this article.

Widening Circles

One reason for concern about security procedures was expressed prophetically in 1950 by Judge Henry W. Edgerton of the U.S. Court of Appeals when he said they threaten "the livelihood and reputation of any civil servant today and perhaps of any American tomorrow." In addition to the rules covering two million Federal civilian employees and three million in the armed forces, security programs today affect many millions of private citizens. Among those private citizens who must now pass a Federal security check of some kind are:

¶Students and researchers who receive Federal grants, such as Fulbright scholars and faculty members working on Federal projects in university laboratories.

¶Merchant seamen, who must have special Coast Guard security permits.

¶Employees and executives of plants doing classified defense work.

¶Scientists working on government projects for private concerns. (One scientist, noting that firms like employees to be clearable whether they are currently working on a classified project or not, said that losing a clearance "is about as pleasant as for a doctor to be expelled from the A.M.A.")

¶Anyone who applies for a United States passport.

AGAINST this background it is disturbing to realize that even the generally well-informed citizen today is unlikely to know much about security procedures. There was the Oppenheimer case, but its procedures —if not the reasoning of the decision—showed a concern for the defendant not at all typical of security cases.

The fact is that there has been little legislative debate about security regulations. After an earlier program for a few sensitive agencies President Truman in 1947 established by Executive Order a government-wide program to measure "loyalty." Appeal

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was permitted to a central Loyalty Review Board.

The Eisenhower Administration changed the standards of the loyalty program. Again by Executive Order, it gave all agencies authority to dismiss workers whose employment is not "clearly consistent with . . . national security." Some rights to a hearing were granted, but there was to be no appeal beyond each agency. Factors to be weighed were broadened to include, among others, an employee's reliability, morality, talkativeness, susceptibility to blackmail, associations (deliberate or casual)—a list so general that in effect each case would have to be decided pragmatically, without the safeguards of clearly defined precedents.

R. W. Scott McLeod, State Department chief of security, described the standards graphically in Congressional testimony:

"I think frequently the public gets the impression that the security program is designed to somehow punish a man for what he has done in the past. That is not the purpose of this program. It is an attempt to project into the future what the pattern of behavior and conduct of this individual will be, from what he has exhibited in the past, and whether or not that is likely to be a danger to the Government."

Critics of the security program argue that it has insufficient safeguards to prevent ignorance, carelessness, and malice from entering into that delicate judgment on how an individual may behave at some time in the future.

Charges

The Eisenhower security regulations require that an accused employee be given a written statement of charges against him. Too often these formal charges are foolish, false, or irrelevant.

In one case an employee was accused of associating with a writer who will go here by the name John Brigby Jones. The charge continued:

"Information indicates that John Brigby Jones was author of [name of a book], which was advertised in a Louis Adamic publication. Louis Adamic has been listed as an official of the Progressive Party in Philadelphia in 1948, which has been cited as a Communist front organization by the California Tenney Legislative Committee."

This might best be called wandering guilt—from the Progressive Party to the late Mr. Adamic, to his publication, to a book advertised in it, to the author (who may not have placed the ad), and finally to his acquaintance, the accused government worker. Is such material relevant in even the loosest proceeding?

Here is another sample, verbatim, from the charges against a civilian technician of one of the military agencies:

"Your personal history statement completed by you in November, 1944, reflects that you were awarded the Tahesin Fellowship by Frank Lloyd Wright. Mr. Wright is listed by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as being affiliated with various peace organizations and Communist fronts. Reliable sources have disclosed that you know Frank Lloyd Wright and that at one time you contemplated working for him."

Was the employee ever really an associate of Mr. Wright's? No. He did win a Wright fellowship in the 1930's and met the man who is generally regarded as one of the world's great architects on just one occasion. ("Tahesin" in the charge is a misspelling of Taliesin, the name of Mr. Wright's homes in Wisconsin and Arizona.) But the employee did not use the fellowship and has not seen Mr. Wright since. Mr. Wright, questioned about the matter recently by the writer, did not recognize the employee's name.

The political ideas, such as they are, of the iconoclastic Mr. Wright were represented fairly by a recent statement in which he denounced labor unions for having "killed off skilled craftsmanship."

Improper association can of course concern organizations as well as individuals. The original standard in this field was the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations, set up specifically for use in the loyalty program. Today charges often ignore the Attorney General's list and refer to organizations cited elsewhere, usually by the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

In this category a typical charge reads: "In 1951 and 1952 you received the 'Consumer's Union,' cited as subversive . . ." The House Committee some time ago published some derogatory material on the founding of Consumers Union. This year the Committee withdrew that citation, saying all charges had been satisfactorily answered, and gave the organization a clean bill of health. But even before that action it was

PROPRIETY POLICE?

As if the present preoccupation with the civil servant's "security" were not enough, attention has now been turned to his "propriety." Last June, amid great secrecy, Budget Director Rowland R. Hughes put out a new directive designed to "detect and prevent acts of impropriety, unethical conduct and other activities short of criminal violations." Agency heads were made responsible for the "proper conduct" of their employees, and were instructed to set up a separate inspection and reporting system for this purpose. The new operation came to light recently when Joseph Young, a reporter for the Washington *Star*, chanced to see a copy of the order.

After Young's story appeared there were hasty explanations from the vacation White House in Denver. It was primarily intended to keep check on those government employees who were in the position of dispensing government favors, Assistant Press Secretary Murray Snyder said, then added, somewhat confusingly, that it had nothing to do with the government workers' "private lives."

Less than a week later, however, there was an embarrassing bit of evidence to the contrary. A Federal Communications Commission policy statement was circulated, drafted, it was stated, in conformity with the new Executive Order. It specified that "employees may not engage in social or other activities which might result in unfavorable personal notoriety or scandal. . . ." Examples of "improper conduct" which could be subject to disciplinary action were listed, including "attending loud or disorderly parties, or engaging publicly in any conduct which, although not necessarily illegal, is not condoned by society."

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doubtful policy for an Executive agency to take a committee citation as gospel and extend its onus to all the readers of Consumers Union's monthly, *Consumer Reports*, which has a circulation in excess of 700,000.

At the other extreme, some security officers may demand approval of certain organizations. One charge, for example, said the employee had been described by informants as "extremely critical of the American Legion."

The program was set up to protect the security of the United States. But in many cases it is difficult to see just how the security of the United States is even remotely involved. Dr. William Carlos Williams has spent two frustrating years trying to overcome security objections to his being named to the apparently sensitive position of consulting poet to the Library of Congress.

SOMETIMES different departments take incongruously varying views of security matters—a situation that develops quite logically when there is no over-all administration of the program.

The Navy, in security cases against employees living in Greenbelt, Maryland, named several other residents of Greenbelt as "known Communists." At least two of these persons presently hold high positions with other Federal agencies and have been fully cleared in security investigations.

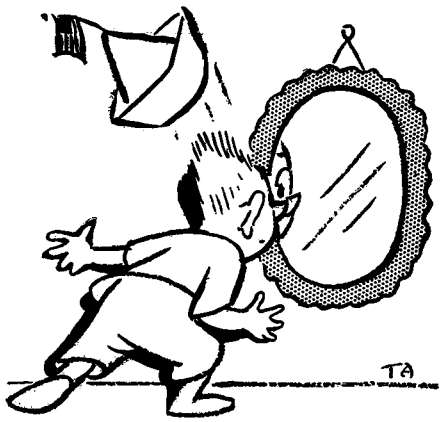
Government officials sometimes argue that to comb out all irrelevant or false material before formal charges are brought would be too time-consuming and costly. Yet under the present system the employee and his lawyer must spend time and money answering every accusation, however foolish it may be. And in the appeal process government officials all the way up the line must take time to consider and pass judgment on each charge.

Suspension

Haphazard accusations produce additional injustices in the present security program because, by a ruling of the Attorney General, filing of formal charges against an employee automatically results in his suspension without pay.

For the average government worker the sudden cutting off of salary is very often a catastrophe. He is unlikely to have substantial savings. If he wishes to fight his case, he is apt to have neither time nor the best state of mind for another full-time job while his case is pending. If an employee wins his appeal, he receives full back pay for the time he was suspended—less anything he managed to earn on the outside, and without interest. The government contributes nothing toward his legal expenses, which may run to several thousand dollars.

The surprise of sudden suspension inevitably disrupts the accused employee's entire office. And from the individual's point of view, automatic suspension nullifies the government's professed desire to keep all security cases secret and protect the accused from publicity. When a man disappears from his desk without notice



and begins staying home all day, it does not require much imagination for fellow workers and neighbors to guess the truth.

A suspended employee who wins his appeal can probably never regain his original status. Some fellow workers will always be suspicious, or at least cautious. One agency head says frankly that he will never put a man who has won a security appeal back on secret work. His attitude confirms the widespread feeling in Washington that security charges are enough to end an employee's real usefulness in government regardless of the outcome of the case.

Hearing

Under the Eisenhower Executive Order, any accused employee with full Civil Service rights is entitled to a hearing before a board of three government workers from outside his own agency. As in the previous Administration's loyalty program, this hearing fails in many respects to meet Anglo-American standards for fair procedure.

The accused employee is not fully informed of the charges against him. Regulations provide that charges be made "as specific and detailed as security considerations permit," including "all derogatory information except that which will reveal the source of the information or the identity of confidential informants." In practice, this is meaningless.

In a typical security case the formal charges may list a half-dozen alleged dangerous associates. The employee gets an affidavit from each and prepares a detailed statement on his relations with them. Then, at the hearing, six new names are thrown at him. Lawyers expect this trick now and go through the motions of asking the agency before the hearing to list any other names that may be brought in, but the request is almost always turned down.

A blatant illustration of the misuse of "security" as an excuse for withholding information from the accused was given by an information officer who once told the writer: "Don't jump to any conclusions on that case from the charges. They don't mean anything. I've seen the file, and they have plenty of stuff on him, but they don't want it to come out now. It's just a case of having to get something down on paper."

The employee rarely learns the identity of his accusers and almost never has the chance to cross-examine them. One of the unusual features of the Oppenheimer hearing was that the accusing agency, in this case the Atomic Energy Commission, called eight witnesses. In hearing after hearing in less celebrated cases there are no government witnesses; the "prosecution" rests entirely on untested investigative reports that are not read to the defendant.

These reports contain statements about the employee by persons who may be identified, even to the board, simply as "reliable informants." Hearings may consist largely of a defendant trying to prove his good character without really knowing what he is answering.

Investigators have great power in a system that provides very few

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facilities for checking their reports, so it is especially disturbing that many agents clearly do not have the necessary training, intelligence, or character for the job. In one publicized case neighbors of a government worker complained that security agents asked them leading questions and tried to force from them unfavorable statements about the employee.

Lack of cross-examination, Judge Edgerton said in his dissent in *Bailey* v. *Richardson,* puts the defendant "at the mercy not only of an innocently mistaken informer but also of a malicious or demented one." And at the mercy of an ignorant or malicious investigator, he might have added.

Neither the accused nor the hearing board has the power to subpoena witnesses. The controversial issues at stake in a security hearing may make it difficult to persuade even friendly persons to appear voluntarily as witnesses. Without subpoena power it is certainly impossible to force appearance of persons the defendant may suspect as his anonymous accusers. Nor are witnesses' fees for time and travel paid in security proceedings.

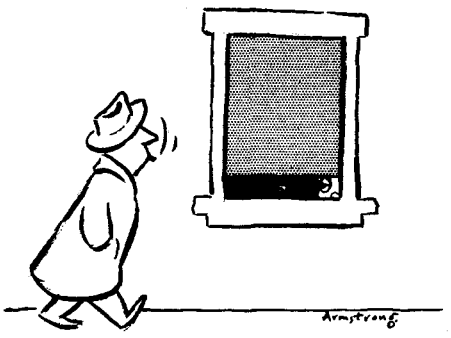
Decision

The hearing board's finding is only advisory under the Eisenhower security program. The final decision in every case rests with the head of the individual department.

Drafters of the program justified this provision by saying that effective management requires an agency head to have final authority over his personnel. But how then can the same standards be applied throughout government? Furthermore, making each agency head final judge in effect nullifies the purpose of drawing hearing boards from other departments—which is to prevent any influence on the case by political or personal factors within an agency.

There are grounds for suspicion that under present procedures a security officer whose charges wash out before a hearing board may be able to work through channels to the agency head to try to get the board's recommendation reversed. And the lack of central control allows politically minded security officers to use the program as an open threat to force employees out for political reasons.

In criminal trials the right of appeal and the force of public opinion offer safeguards against arbitrary action by judge or jury. In security proceedings the only safeguard is



the conscience of the person making a decision. The old Loyalty Review Board was at least independent of departmental pressures.

ONE OTHER safeguard against arbitrary action is lacking in present security processes—a statement of reasons for each decision. As one lawyer put it to an agency head: "Try getting your reasons for dismissing this man down on paper. I think you will be so ashamed of them you will change your mind." The lengthy opinions in the Oppenheimer case were controversial enough, but imagine the reaction of the thinking public if the Gray Board and the AEC had simply issued a one-line announcement of the decision, without any statement of reasons.

Because no lawyer knows why he won or lost a case, there are no precedents. For a practitioner of Anglo-Saxon law, this is like baking without flour.

Evasions

Such rights as the Executive Order does provide for security defendants are occasionally whittled away in practice by inept administration or outright evasion on the part of personnel and security officers.

The most serious administrative flaw has been delay. The regulations put no limit on the time that can be taken by an agency to schedule a hearing once a man has been charged, or to make a final decision after the hearing. Cases have taken more than a year from first suspension to decision.

Delay can make the right of appeal almost theoretical for many government workers. Facing the prospect of a year without salary and then an uncertain conclusion, they often prefer to resign quietly. And from the government's viewpoint delay is poor economy and poor personnel policy. Every day an agency lets a case drag on without decision is a day it may have to pay an employee for not working. And whatever arrangement is made to fill a suspended employee's job will be that much harder to undo if the decision is delayed.

In temporary agencies not covered by Civil Service seniority rules, security officers have sometimes thumbed through security files and dismissed employees against whom there is much derogatory information—on claimed economy grounds. Under this procedure the employee gets no hearing. Because of the unresolved security questions he will probably find it impossible to get a job with any other agency. The same deprivation of right to hearing occurs when an employee resigns while his security investigation is pending—although he may be leaving for some other reason and may not even know of the inquiry.

The regulations themselves permit no hearings for temporary employees or new applicants whose records may raise security questions. The State Department's Mr. McLeod once said:

"When we investigate someone who's been in the Government for years, we consider his whole record and weigh his good service against any minor slips. But if a new applicant has stuff against him, we don't bother looking into his whole history. We just say No. There are always plenty more applicants."

Whether there will always be plenty more applicants, at least intelligent and imaginative ones, is open to question.

Minor Treason Trials

Why should the government not be able to fire its employees at will, as private business often does?

As far back as 1883, when the Civil Service was founded, Congress recognized that to attract and keep good employees government must offer some guarantees against unjus-

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tified dismissal. The Lloyd-LaFollette Act of 1912 provides that Civil Service employees accused of mishandling their jobs must receive written charges and have a reasonable time to answer.

Those simple guarantees are adequate to deal with the relatively simple and concrete questions of job performance—whether an employee comes to work on time, for example. But when government moves into the vague and delicate area of an employee's private life and thoughts and what they may indicate about his future acts, lawyers feel there must be more and stronger guarantees.

When the new security program went into effect last year, Administration spokesmen argued that it would be easier on both government and employee to put dismissals on the vague basis of "unsuitability" than to apply the terrible label "disloyal." Walter Lippmann wrote: "... the penalty on the individual is much reduced ... it should be possible to fire a man without destroying him—without in fact branding him at all."

Mr. Lippmann was wrong. For a government employee who has been on the job fifteen or twenty years, dismissal for any reason amounts to destruction. As for branding, it is safe to assume that the Republican political talk about cleaning out numbers of "Reds" has made any separation for any purpose a subject for considerable suspicion. As Dr. John Von Neumann of the Institute for Advanced Study has put it, "The public frequently views security proceedings as minor trials for treason. Yet we are still living with a system where this is ... handled administratively and not judicially. This is a very bad situation because ... administrative measures have to be taken ... without most of the safeguards that would surround a judicial procedure. ..."

What Can Be Done?

One of the drafts that have been worked out for a new security program proposes first of all that both prosecuting and judging be centralized in new authorities.

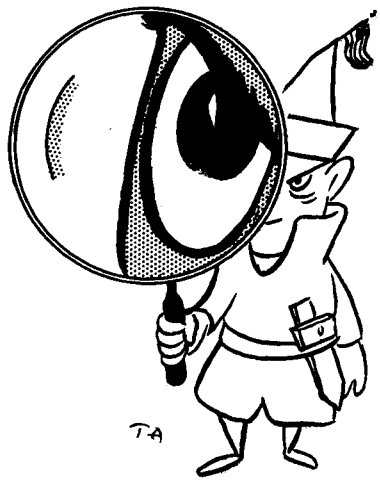
A Division of Personnel Security would be set up in the Justice Department to perform a role similar to the district attorney's in a criminal case. All investigative reports, complaints, and gossip bearing on the security fitness of Federal employees would go to this division, which would handle them as a district attorney does police reports—investigate, cull out the false and irrelevant, then press charges as warranted.

A central prosecuting office would not by any means weaken the government's interest in security proceedings; prosecutors are not notably kind to defendants. But prosecutors do usually have a general sense of responsibility to justice.

"Judges" in this ideal system would be regional boards of persons who are not government employees —private citizens not subject to office pressures, and perhaps serving without pay like members of draft boards so as to add further assurance of impartiality and independence.

The right to a hearing on security charges would be guaranteed to all Federal employees and to all applicants who have been denied the opportunity for employment for reasons not related to their job qualifications.

As the first step in a prosecution, the Justice Department would have to supply complete and detailed



charges to the hearing board and to the employee. The charges would have to be as specific as in a criminal indictment, giving, for example, the time and place of acts charged. No new charges could be introduced during the hearing; if new derogatory material turned up, new charges could be filed and a new hearing held.

Hearing boards would have the power to subpoena witnesses and documents and to pay witness fees. During consideration of his case the employee would be transferred to a nonsensitive job or suspended *with* pay. Hearing boards could assign volunteer attorneys—unpaid, or perhaps given minimum fees by the board—to defendants who demonstrated financial inability to retain counsel.

ON THE DIFFICULT problem of anonymous informants, two solutions have been suggested. One would subject prosecutors to the same basic rule that applies in criminal trials: They could show nothing in an investigative report to the hearing board without also letting the defendant see it. This proposal would eliminate confidential informants. It would force prosecutors to produce witnesses or documentary evidence for every charge.

The alternative idea is to separate professional informants from neighbors, maiden aunts, and casual busybodies who have no legitimate reason for secrecy. Prosecutors could move for admission of statements by informants on the ground that their continued anonymity is important to national security. Hearing boards would rule on such motions and could, if they desired, interrogate the informants themselves in secret session.

The board would also have to supply a memorandum of reasoning with each decision. The standard for a decision against the employee would be a finding by the board that his employment "endangers the security of the United States."

A National Review Board of seven members with rank and pay equivalent to judges of the United States Court of Appeals would review hearing-board decisions on request of either employees or the Justice Department. Members would be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, for terms long enough to assure complete independence of judgment.

Decisions of the Review Board, and possibly also of hearing boards, would be published in an effort to establish precedents. Names and other identifying data would be deleted—admittedly a clumsy procedure, but one that has worked in

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some other semi-judicial administrative proceedings.

The draft security program leaves one deliberate loophole for areas in which modified secrecy would be too public. It would allow the President to propose exemption from the standard security law for agencies he designates as primarily engaged in intelligence work.

What are the prospects for a security program of the sort that has been outlined above?

The most concrete moves already under way for reform are efforts to kill the present program by court action and so force adoption of more judicial procedures. Several cases have been filed in Washington challenging *Bailey* v. *Richardson,* on which the Supreme Court split four to four.

Positive action toward reform of security procedures could begin with the Administration. President Eisenhower has the political prestige necessary to push so controversial a proposal, and there must be men of good will among his close advisers who recognize the urgent need of reform. But for public consumption, at least, no one high in the Administration has conceded up to this moment that the present program is anything less than perfect.

Some critics look to Congress for eventual improvement, and legislation is certainly the goal of the serious studies now being made of the security processes that affect so much of our life.

BUT WHATEVER changes the Executive Branch or the Legislative or the Judicial may make, our eventual reliance must be placed on a return to what John Lord O'Brian calls one basis of our justice, the American sense of fair play. In a 1952 lecture he said:

". . . the right to a hearing—the right to a fair hearing—involves a moral principle and one recognized as an element of 'public morality' long before the adoption of the Constitution. It has become a legal right because it was a moral right, and the age-old test remains unchanged—the test of 'what is fair between man and man.' This phase of the American tradition is the most precious heritage that has come down to us. It must not be sacrificed now."

The Elections: What to Do After the Undertaker Comes

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

WHICHEVER PARTY wins the elections, one thing can be predicted with considerable certainty: The loser will be advised to take well to heart the reasons for his loss. In fact, under our form of government this introspection is more or less obligatory. It is even said that defeat is not necessarily a misfortune if it leads to the proper reflection on the reasons. Though this is said, there is no indication that any defeated politician ever believed it for a moment.

Still, even though some will consider seminars on defeat an unsatisfactory substitute for winning, presumably they will begin the morning after the returns are in. This article is to help the participants make the most of their educational opportunity. Since more constructive classroom work is the only aim, this syllabus is nonpartisan. It assumes that either Democrats or Republicans could be searching their souls on November 3. However, it does give a trifle more attention to the soul searching of Republicans.

Republican Self-Criticism

Should it be the Republicans who organize the post-mortems, one of the first subjects might be the problem of time. Without question, time is one of the most elusive of all philosophical concepts, but the G.O.P. post-election seminars should approach it in a matter-of-fact way. The main burden of the discussion should be on how time passes and dates that once seemed remote finally do draw near and arrive. For if, as seems possible at this writing, the Republicans lose votes in industrial areas like Detroit, western Pennsylvania, and southern New England, it will be partly the result of a careless approach to time.

For a year now industrial activity, although not very bad, has been a little less than good. When the economic etymologists get around to agreeing on a term, this will probably be called the era of high-level stagnation. In the last twenty or thirty years the economy, once it was well committed to a given behavior, has tended to persist in it. The depression of the 1930's lasted a long, long while. So did the postwar prosperity. In both cases those who had always assumed a rhythmic cycle of good and bad times were left badly off base. The upturns and the downturns fell due, became overdue, and still did not come.

This experience is not conclusive as a guide to the future. It does suggest the unwisdom of ever being absolutely certain that a change is just around the corner. Yet, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* recently observed, high Administration officials this year forecast a spring upturn, a summer upturn, and a fall upturn.

Last January the President said that unemployment was leveling off at 2.5 million, or about a million below the figure it later reached. In June Chairman Burns of the Council of Economic Advisers predicted an upturn "very soon." It did not come, and in Detroit in mid-October he predicted prosperity again. In July, in one of many cheery forays into the future, Secretary of Commerce Weeks declared that the increase in unemployment had been "decisively reversed." This ingenious device of asserting that the future will be good and that it is already here is Secretary Weeks's specialty. Reviewing the unemployment situation early in October, he found it already improving at an exceptionally rapid rate, although admittedly this was not yet revealed in figures on people out of work.

Countercyclical Incantation

In the end the future, either ordinary or as artificially advanced by Secretary Weeks, arrives, and so far it has arrived without the improvement that the high-level forecasters

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have forecast. This, the post-election seminar may decide, has a serious effect on the reputation of the forecasters with the voters, not alone for omniscience but also for responsibility. As a people we are extraordinarily generous with individuals, great or small, who make wrong guesses on economic matters. We know that error here is very human indeed. But as on all other matters there are limits.

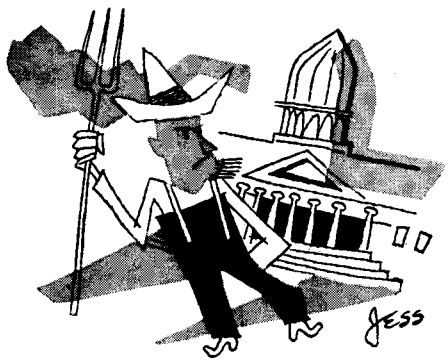
In defense of the Administration someone might possibly urge that the President, Dr. Burns, and Secretaries Humphrey and Weeks and all the others who have proclaimed the imminence of total prosperity were not making forecasts. Rather they were trying to make things get better by saying they would get better. When Secretary Weeks said that the upward trend in unemployment had been decisively reversed, he was only trying to reverse this trend.

This may well be so. Among business philosophers, a group that is well represented in contemporary Washington, there is a strong belief that the future is not what you make it but what you say it is going to be. According to this idea, nothing so booms the business cycle (and with so little interference by the government) as a robust declaration of confidence.

Unhappily there is no evidence that such countercyclical incantation does the slightest good. There is some to the contrary. In 1929 and 1930 President Hoover, with the accomplished assistance of Secretary of Commerce Lamont and Assistant Secretary Dr. Julius Klein, sought to reverse the readjustment which was then rolling across the land with what, very possibly, was just about the greatest barrage of optimism ever released.

It did not work. Not only did the index of industrial production fail to respond to this verbal onslaught but the latter proved itself politically disastrous. A reference to "prosperity around the corner" became a Republican trademark and synonymous with political vacuity. The post-election seminar may decide that cheery statements about the future still rank as political error with aspersions on the nobility of Irishmen and the patriotism of the Protestant clergy.

THE TROUBLE with academic economists, it has long been observed, is that they live in an ivory tower. They become enamored of theoretical models. Statistics become an end in themselves. These scholars forget that behind their theory and comprising their statistics are people—pulsing, warm-blooded human beings with all of the faults and foibles bequeathed by Adam to his offspring. This is undoubtedly true, and the post-election soul searchers may decide that it is even more true of the practical men who run the Eisenhower Administration. Their in-



ability to make a hardheaded, practical transition from abstract figures to actual facts may have done particular political damage.

This has been most obviously the case with the statistics on unemployment. These have been earnestly discussed; no government has ever discussed unemployment statistics more earnestly. But the discussion has been all but exclusively of the statistics. Are they "serious"? Do they portend something worse? Are the increases more or less than seasonal? No one has thought of the three or four million people who are suffering the assorted anxieties and discomforts of joblessness. Nor until near the elections was there any suggestion that this group, along with wives, relatives, and friends, might be a formidable voting bloc with lots of time to vote.

HOWEVER, this failure to make a transition from statistics to real life has probably been most damaging in the case of agriculture. Farm prices have been falling for a long time—since the summer of 1952, in fact. And the ratio of the prices which the farmer pays to those he receives has been getting increasingly unfavorable. Yet with a chart and a little practice one can easily explain this away. The deterioration has been very slow—much slower than after past periods of war and disturbance. Prices of some products which once were very sour—like beef cattle a year ago—are now better. In any case the whole adverse trend began under the Democrats.

The reality is that the prices the farmer has been getting at the elevator or the co-op are not only lower but noticeably lower than they were under Harry Truman. And since costs are about as high, income is substantially down. In every county there are a few farmers who are known to be in real trouble. At Kasson, Minnesota, in 1952, General Eisenhower promised—or his audience carelessly concluded that he had promised—full parity prices, which meant that things would be better than under the Democrats. When put in these terms and only then, the statistics take on meaning.

People Are No Good

In the post-election soul searching the Republicans may want to consider whether they haven't followed rather too scrupulously a policy of calculated unkindness.

In accordance with what is now established practice, the most elaborate insults have been hurled at the civilian employees of the Federal government. Even after two years of attrition these still number a formidable two million, and they have all been told that they are second-class citizens. Because they work for all the people they are for that reason the inferiors of anyone who makes his living in private life. Admittedly, like stream pollution, the public servant must be tolerated: To clean him out would be even more costly. But being indispensable doesn't make him any less of a nuisance.

Being unnecessary is, of course, only one of the misfortunes of the public servant. If he ever went on a bender, woke up in the wrong bed, tweaked a cop's nose in a spirit of wholesome fun, or—worst of all—joined a dubious organization under the misapprehension that he was revealing a social conscience, he is a potential security risk, as everyone knows. But as a security risk he is also a Republican political asset. He swells the total of the risks which

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due diligence has uncovered. Presumably those public servants whose personal life would have been approved in all its details by Cotton Mather are untroubled by the standards to which they must conform. But one also wonders how numerous these paragons of virtue are. It is hard to believe that the totally pure comprise a clear majority of the foot soldiers inherited by the Crusade.

At other times and places it has been considered good politics to be kind—even gracious—to those who are on the public payroll. They are usually counted a hard core of support by the party in power. Although a large minority and very possibly a majority of civil servants voted for Mr. Eisenhower, they were later told by Secretary Weeks that they were "Trojan horses left behind to try to hamper, hoodwink, and wreck the new Administration." The post-election seminar may want to consider whether it was wise to be so nasty.

PUBLIC SERVANTS have been the target only of the worst barbs. Almost everyone else has been told off at one time or another. Intellectuals have been told they are inferior by the President himself. Intellectuals vote, have some value as unpaid workers in an election, and also write articles. Presumably they are poor people to antagonize.

The farmers have learned from Ezra Taft Benson that they should welcome their liberation, which means that they have been accepting slavery without the gumption to recognize it. Secretary Weeks, who obviously feels very keenly about the faults of other people, has let it be known that he thinks unions should be subject to a sterner rule of law, which means that they are now abusing their liberties and privileges. Few people are more sensitive to such intelligence or have a more predictable reaction than union leaders.

Indeed it is hard to find any sizable group, businessmen apart, who haven't been told off in the last two years. While the Democrats have been criticizing General Motors the Republicans have been criticizing the general public. Without question it was time that most people were brought down a peg or two. Still, the seminar may want to consider whether it was good politics.

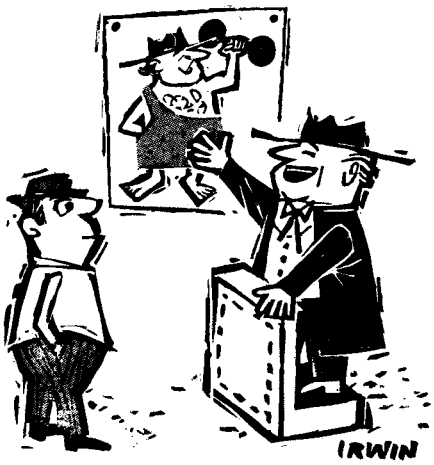
Democratic Self-Criticism

The syllabus for the Democrats, if they lose the forthcoming election, does not come so readily to mind. They haven't been in office so their errors have not been so evident. Still, there are a few things the Democrats may find it worthwhile to discuss.

One is whether the voters wouldn't have liked a little more detail on what should be done about unemployment. The expressions of sympathy by Democrats were entirely adequate. But presumably some voters would have liked a bill of particulars, and conservatives had as good a right as liberals to know what the sworn enemies of idleness had in mind.

Likewise, there may have been some farmers who observed that while Benson fought for largely unproductive changes in the farm program, the Democrats contented themselves with fighting for no change at all. Little attention was given to the real faults of the program. Surpluses will still pile up; there will still be discrimination as between those farmers who get generous supports and those who get none; not much will be done for the very poor farmers; the farm program will continue to provide impediments to liberal international trade.

In defeat the Democrats should also reflect on the portrait of Clyde



Powell, late of the Federal Housing Administration, and the carelessness dating back to Roosevelt which allowed such improbable administrators to achieve such prominence. A Republican victory would mean that the voters remembered the steadfastness with which the President bargained his way out of the Korean War. Democrats, almost equally divided in their fear of MacArthur and the Chinese Communists, once had a far more adventuresome policy.

HOWEVER, the major subject of a Democratic seminar should be the effect on the voters of the sad depletion of the intellectual capital of the days of the New Deal. While it is certainly true that the Democratic Party has not had an important idea on domestic policy in the last decade, this is not something for which politicians can be blamed. Ideas originate first with the reformers, and apart from proposals for maintaining full employment, reform has long been in abeyance. Even the word itself has acquired a quaintly archaic sound.

Still, the voters may have wondered if the Democrats, even if necessarily devoid of new ideas, must also be negative in their approach to the old ones. As only one example, for many years the American people have felt a deep pride in their collective estate, especially in the vast lands, forests, and parks of the West. In the last two years the Administration has come up with the preposterous doctrine that this common ownership robs the people of their common heritage: The Federal government is not the people but a monopolistic enemy of the people. The Democrats have responded by saying it isn't so. They have, in general, rallied to protect the public lands and resources. But that is all.

They should have done much more. There should have been a general offensive on behalf of improved management of the public domain, of reseeding of the range, better watershed protection, the rounding out of national-forest holdings, and a doubling or trebling of Park Service appropriations. The idea of public ownership in this whole area should not only have been defended but expounded and praised.

VICTORY, should it come to the Democrats, will rob them of a much-needed opportunity to reflect on such opportunities. This is probably unfortunate. However, it is not on record that any winner ever did any soul searching.

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L'Affaire Dides-Baranès Or, the Spy on the Bicycle

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

PERHAPS the most astonishing document yet to come to light in the current French espionage drama is a news photograph of its central figure, André Baranès, the thirty-eight-year-old Franco-Tunisian Communist spy turned double—or triple—agent. It shows Baranès seated in the police van carrying him back to prison following a particularly stormy session in the office of the military examining magistrate. There is a relaxed smile on his mobile face, and his open-palmed left hand is poised in a blithe salute to the reporters and photographers clustered around the van. Aside from the grimly functional background, the photo is the classic image of a twentieth-century folk hero—movie star, successful demagogue, or boxing champion—acknowledging the plaudits of his faithful fans.

Incongruous as the image may seem, it is not entirely misleading. Baranès is a kind of star or champion, a rarely perfect prototype of that modern folk hero, the conspirator-adventurer, in one of his most romantic avatars: the tormented witness, the soulful stool pigeon. By comparison with Baranès, an unsuccessful former journalist and rug merchant, the star informers and champion turncoats in America or elsewhere seem but pallid imitations.

None of his predecessors and rivals has ever looked the part so completely as Baranès, with his puffy, ill-shaven face, sensual lips, crinkly black hair, close-fitting fox's ears, and wide hypnotic eyes. He combines the features of a North African vendor of postcards with those of a fake Hindu fortune teller in a carnival, and his voice is the same mixture of oily insinuation and mesmeristic command. Playing on the contemporary obsession with conspiracy as Cagliostro once exploited an obsession with magic, this implausible and unprepossessing adventurer wormed himself into the confidence both of French Communist leaders and of

André Baranès

leading anti-Communists—including experienced professional policemen—and indefatigably betrayed each side to the other.

Whom Baranès betrayed the most, whether he was a Communist double agent, an anti-Communist triple agent, or simply an artist in deception who loved intrigue for its own sake, are questions that historians may be arguing about a century hence. Undoubtedly he led French police to uncover one of the highest-level Communist spy rings that have yet come to light in a western country, but it may have been by accident or—however fantastic it sounds—it may have been done on instructions from the party itself. In any case he illustrates vividly how, in a politically hagridden age, one strategically placed individual who knows how to mix lies and truth in the right proportions can poison the public life of a whole nation, or even of an international alliance—for through the predestined collusion of French and American professional anti-Communists, Baranès's concoction became a regular though clandestine French export to the United States.

The Approach to Bertaux

The starting point of the whole weird story was a conversation, nearly four years ago, between Baranès and Pierre Bertaux, a scholarly and somewhat quixotic former Resistance hero who at that time headed the Sureté Nationale, the French national police force. The talk took place at the request of Baranès, an admitted member of a Paris Communist cell, a minor political gossip columnist for the crypto-Communist daily *Liberation,* and a kind of general handyman for the paper's editor, the "Progressiste" Deputy Emanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, whose wife is the daughter of former Soviet ambassador Leonid Krassin. In crude terms, Baranès's purpose in seeking the appointment was to offer his services to the Sureté as a stool pigeon, but of course he was too refined to put it that way.

"I'm a Marxist," Baranès told Bertaux, "but I am also a Frenchman who loves his country. There is a whole group of us in the party who feel as I do . . ."

Bit by bit, with ostensible reluctance, Baranès allowed Bertaux to pump him about this secret "patriotic opposition" inside the French Communist Party. No very specific information came forth, but Baranès's eloquence built up a fascinating picture of a vast nationalist conspiracy within the Communist conspiracy that has since fooled more hard-bitten professionals than Bertaux. Baranès still calls himself a Nationalist Marxist, and to this day he has continued to insist that he is the spokesman for a whole Nation-

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alist Marxist group in the French Communist Party. The soundest French experts are skeptical about this, but even they concede there is a chance Baranès might be telling the truth—or might have been telling it in the autumn of 1950.

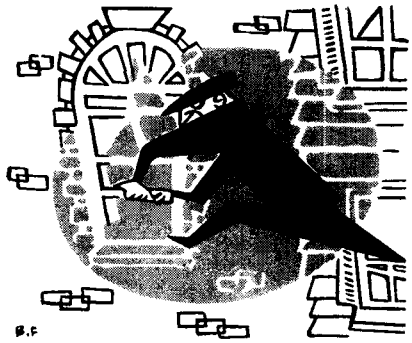
AT THAT GRIM MOMENT in history Bertaux would certainly have been derelict in his duty if he had not encouraged Baranès to turn informer on his party comrades, though it was perhaps unfortunate that the amount of the encouragement—200,000 francs or nearly $600 a month—was calculated to stimulate his latent megalomania. It was psychologically inevitable that even when he intended to tell the truth Baranès felt the need to gold-plate it. It was also inevitable that his employers—Bertaux and other officials of the Interior Ministry—should become avid readers of the reports produced by such an expensive agent. Eventually Baranès became so famous in the upper echelons of the Ministry that the incumbent Minister, stoutly anti-Communist Charles Brune, arranged a meeting with his prize stool pigeon just to see what he looked like. In more civilized ages Cabinet Ministers did not associate with stool pigeons, a practice healthier both for society and for the pigeons. Normally Baranès should have been found floating in the Seine long before he got to the point of hobnobbing with Ministers, but he kept his health and even his party card and his job at *Liberation*.

M. Dides Goes to Town

There is one reason why Bertaux' successor—a hard-boiled professional named Robert Hirsch—fired Baranès in the spring of 1951. Apart from Baranès's invulnerability long after his cover as a secret agent had been "blown"—which suggested that the party approved of his work for the Ministry and was using him to plant misleading information on the French authorities—Hirsch had noticed that Baranès's undercover reports bore a startling resemblance to a weekly column of inside news about the Communist Party which the conservative *Figaro* obtained from an anonymous informant.

"Why should I pay 200,000 francs a month to find out what the Communists are doing," Hirsch asked his Minister, "when I can get the same information by paying sixty francs a month and reading *Figaro*?"

Interior Minister Brune was distressed at this unimaginative approach and secretly arranged to have Baranès transferred from the pay-



roll of the Sureté Nationale to that of the Sureté's traditional rival, the Paris Prefecture of Police, then headed by Jean Baylot, a veteran Socialist of ardent anti-Communist sentiments. Baylot in turn handed Baranès over to his chief anti-Communist expert and trusted lieutenant, Chief Commissioner Jean Dides, a handsome, hot-tempered strapping six-footer, a former follower of General de Gaulle, who is as brave as a bull and often as direct as one in his approach to counterespionage problems. It was a momentous encounter, as notable in the secret-service field as the first encounter between Boswell and Johnson in the literary field, and it developed along rather similar lines with Dides in the role of an ecstatic Boswell.

"Baranès has only one failing," the admiring Dides explained after his protégé was arrested as a double agent, "he loses a lot of money gambling. As soon as I discovered he was a gambler I realized that he would constantly be needing money, and I obtained funds from the Prefect, with which I paid Baranès regularly for two and a half years. In return he regularly brought me reports on the meetings of the Communist Politburo presided over by Jacques Duclos. These reports were always at least twenty-five typewritten pages. On several occasions I checked the accuracy of Baranès's reports on Communist plans and discovered each time that he had predicted certain developments with mathematical precision as much as fifteen days in advance."

Dazzled by the wealth of factual detail in Baranès's reports—much of it apparently cribbed from perfectly open Communist press material—Dides never thought to question Baranès closely as to how he had managed to get hold of it. It was enough for Baranès to talk about "high-level sources" in the party's "underground Nationalist-Marxist opposition." In fact, Dides seems to have assumed from the start that Baranès himself was high-level.

BORN of lower-middle-class Franco-Tunisian parents in Constantine, Baranès, after a sketchy education in the secondary schools of the protectorate, worked awhile as a reporter on a Tunis daily, was fired for dabbling in blackmail on the side, eked out a precarious living for several years selling rugs in the local bazaar, and served as a low-level Communist Party hack. After the liberation of Tunis he became acquainted with d'Astier de la Vigerie, at that time General de Gaulle's Minister of the Interior in Algiers, and followed him to Paris to become a fringe figure in the journalistic life of the capital while his attractive brunette wife opened a neighborhood notions shop near their shabby little apartment.

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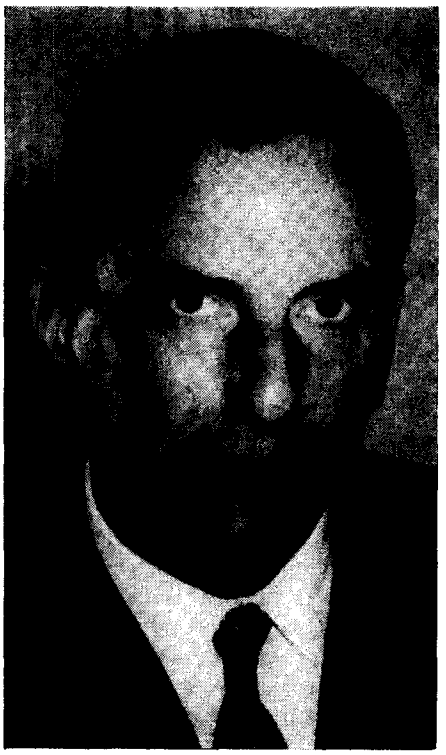
From hanging around the lobby of the National Assembly to pick up tidbits for his gossip column, Baranès got to know Duclos and other Communist big wheels and occasionally performed small chores for them, but he was not the kind of person to whom these aristocrats of the proletariat would be likely to reveal their secrets. Yet it seems that Baranès's reports to Dides, though studded with faked detail, also contained some authentic and fairly important inside information.

Crisscross Tracks

The famous reports on the leaks in the French National Defense Committee—the equivalent of our National Security Council—illustrate how Baranès operated. The reports Baranès delivered to Dides contained some completely accurate details on top-secret meetings of the Committee, but these were embedded in a completely fake report of Duclos to his Politburo. In at least one case it was definitely established that Baranès got his information about the Defense Committee not from Duclos but directly from Communist sympathizers on the Committee's staff. In other words Baranès himself was the link—one of the links—between the traitors on the staff of the National Defense Committee and the Communist Party. This fact he carefully concealed from Dides, though he admitted it after his arrest.

In his first confession—subsequently repudiated—Baranès declared he had been specifically instructed by the Communist Party chiefs to include in his reports to Dides the information obtained from the traitors on the staff of the National Defense Committee. This meant letting the French government know that the Communists had a pipeline into France's highest security council, with the grave risk that the traitors who supplied it would eventually be run down and the supply of secret information shut off—as finally happened. According to Baranès, the Communist Party was willing to accept this risk, presumably because it calculated that the demoralization and generalized suspicion throughout western officialdom provoked by the revelation of security leaks in France at the National Defense Committee level would do more to further the Communist cause than the information obtained.



Photographs from Wide World

Jean Dides

Certainly, hypnotized by Baranès, the suggestible Dides soon became convinced that the French Army, bureaucracy, and Parliament were all riddled with treason. There must have been times when he wondered if he could trust anybody in France—except, of course, Baranès.

Thanks to Dides' key position in the Paris Prefecture, his private nightmares increasingly tended to become official doctrine, not only in all French anti-Communist circles but throughout the West. Through the regular inter-Allied liaison channels Dides was in contact with the American FBI, CIA, and Army CIC. Thus the mental toxins brewed by his "high-placed Communist source"—i.e., Baranès—were injected directly into the blood stream of western counterintelligence. Somewhat less orthodoxly, Dides appears to have collaborated closely with private French anti-Communist organizations like the well-known Paix et Liberté group and with one or more as yet unnamed American private or semi-official organizations. Baranès on his own kept in contact with the newspaper *Figaro*, whose anti-Communist revelations continued with startling regularity to confirm Baranès's reports to Dides.

Striking Out Alone

When the first leaks from the Defense Committee were reported by Baranès to Dides after the Committee meeting of last May 26, Dides, in passing on the information to his chief, added a recommendation based on some vaguer reports from Baranès and other tipsters. The official French counterintelligence organization, the DST (Direction du Surveillance du Territoire), was believed to have been infiltrated by Communist agents, Dides declared. Therefore it would be unwise to entrust the investigation of the leaks to this powerful rival of the Prefecture's anti-Communist division.

Premier Joseph Laniel and Minister of the Interior Léon Martinaud-Déplat accepted this recommendation, so Roger Wybot, head of the DST, was not informed that the leaks had been detected. The investigation was entrusted to Dides, who for all practical purposes entrusted it to Baranès.

When Pierre Mendès-France succeeded Laniel last June, Baranès had no trouble in convincing Dides that treason was triumphant. François Mitterand, the youthful and energetic new Minister of the Interior, was a particularly doubtful character, Baranès warned. Mitterand promptly confirmed the worst suspicions so far as Dides was concerned by firing Dides' boss, Baylot, and causing Dides himself to be transferred to innocuous duties.

Dides decided to fight conspiracy with conspiracy. Without the knowledge of the new Prefect of Police, André Dubois, or of the Minister of the Interior, Dides continued to direct his anti-Communist network—Baranès and two or three low-grade tipsters. Deprived of official funds himself, he had to cut off Baranès's

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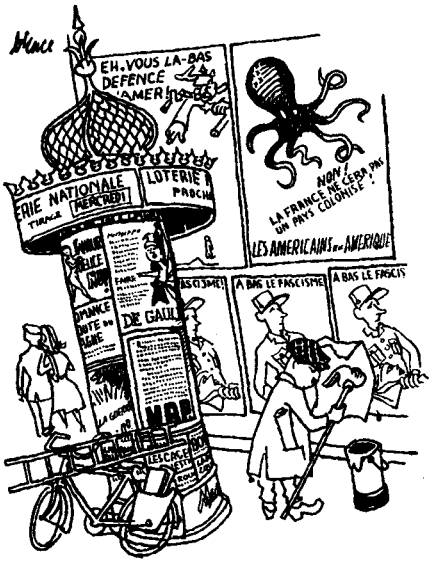
salary. When Baranès agreed to go on stooling for nothing, Dides was convinced that he was a true patriot



and gave more credence than ever to his reports. Dides' expert consultant on Communist organization—a mysterious individual known as "M. Charles," who was shortly to become almost as famous as Baranès himself—likewise stayed on as a volunteer worker for the cause and helped maintain contact with Baranès, whose reports on Red "infiltration" of the Mendès-France Government became more lurid than ever.

Spreading the News

One of the grave charges leveled against Dides by supporters of the Mendès-France Government is that he continued passing the information obtained from Baranès to the American liaison officers with whom he had previously worked, thus technically becoming an agent against his own government. Dides admits lunching or dining occasionally with a mysterious attaché of the United States Embassy who called himself Mr. Allier, but maintains that there was nothing improper in the contact. The point is of little importance, because during the same period Dides was also in contact with various anti-Communist Opposition politicians who passed on much of the information obtained from him to their foreign friends, apparently including German as well as American diplomats.

Since most of Dides' information came from Baranès, it was ultimately he who was mainly responsible for launching the vicious slanders on the Mendès-France Government that drove a wedge of suspicion between France and its allies so deep as nearly to split the Atlantic alliance. In particular, government sources believe that Baranès was the author of a fake report on talks between members of Mendès-France's brain trust and the Soviet ambassador which reached Chancellor Adenauer on the eve of the Brussels Conference.

The Alarm Sounds

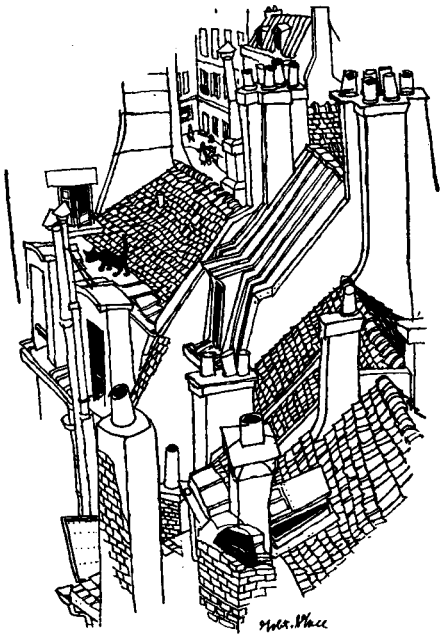
Internally the corrosive effect of Baranès's reports was even more dramatic. On June 28 occurred the gravest of all the leaks from the National Defense Committee—the divulging of French military plans for saving the expeditionary force in Tonkin in case the Indo-China talks at Geneva collapsed. Baranès brought it to Dides and apparently insinuated that Interior Minister Mitterand was himself the traitor who had furnished it. The unfortunate Dides, his mind reeling with horror, no longer dared report through official channels. Instead he told one of his anti-Communist friends, the ex-Gaullist Deputy Jean Louis Vigier, the appalling news. Vigier, apparently sharing his suspicions, bypassed the Government altogether and in great secrecy laid the facts before the President of the Republic.

Dides meanwhile remembered that an old Gaullist friend, Christian Fouchet, had become Minister of North African Affairs in the Mendès-France Government and decided that he was still trustworthy despite his unfortunate new associations, so he showed him the Baranès report. Fouchet promptly informed Mendès-France, who ordered that the investigation of the leaks be entrusted to Roger Wybot, head of the DST, the official who should have been called in first. Mendès-France himself actively supervised the investigation in collaboration with Mitterand. In a picturesque interlude he even consulted with former Defense Minister René Pleven, and the two former lieutenants of General de Gaulle who are now bitter political enemies but know and respect each other's patriotism spent a happy afternoon together personally sleuthing into the leaks.

Unfortunately, this kind of nonpartisan co-operation to get at the truth was not common. Before long the friends of Mitterand were seeing things under the bed themselves. Believing that the Republic was threatened by a plot, they adopted methods not very different from those of Dides and his fellow conspirators. Through shadowing Dides the DST got on the trail of Baranès. After fixing a secret appointment with Baranès in the Bois de Boulogne, one of the DST inspectors offered, in the name of his chief, Wybot, to put Baranès on the DST payroll. Baranès, in his blackest act of treachery toward Dides, cheerfully accepted. (For some reason the arrangement was never actually carried out.)

On a Red Bicycle

The beginning of the end came on September 18, when Dides called on Fouchet again to report a new Defense Committee leak. Tapping Fouchet's wire to discover when Dides would be leaving his office, the DST men—four of them—waylaid Dides coming out of the Ministry. After a lively scuffle, by a combination of persuasion and force they succeeded



in getting him to Wybot's office for questioning.

The interview between Dides and Wybot produced little except an exchange of insults, but Dides' briefcase produced something precious:

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the original and complete text of the three Baranès reports on the leaks from the National Defense Committee. With these texts Wybot could settle down to systematic police work and discover the culprit by elimination. This he proceeded to do, eventually tracing the leaks to René Turpin and Roger Labrusse, two assistants to Jean Mons, permanent secretary of the National Defense Committee. The two assistants, long known as Communist sympathizers, were charged with espionage and jailed, and Mons was indicted for criminal negligence.

Baranès—to whom Labrusse admitted giving classified information—was arrested and questioned by the DST but was released provisionally when he stuck to his story that he was a patriotic police informant. Dides, enraged at the exposure of his secret "network," counterattacked with the charge that Wybot had once belonged to an organization of Communist policemen. As proof he produced a file with Wybot's name on it, seized during the raids on Communist headquarters in 1952. On investigation the file turned out to be one of dangerous enemies of the party.

At this point Baranès disappeared. He hid out for the better part of a day in the editorial offices of *Figaro*, then somehow persuaded a Radical Socialist Deputy affiliated with Paix et Liberté to give him refuge. The Deputy, André Hugues, drove Baranès to a small house he owns near Nevers, in east central France. There Baranès, wearing dark glasses and calling himself M. Morin, hid out for nearly a week.

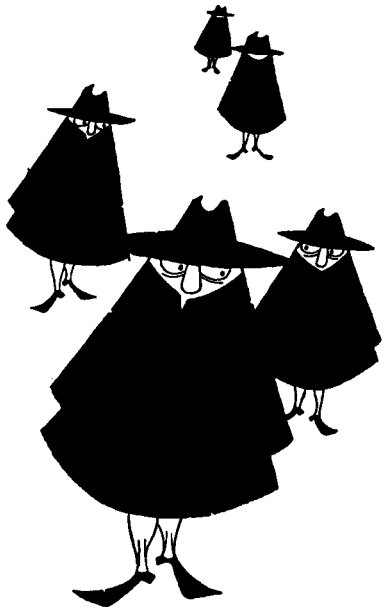
When the pressure on Dides and Hugues got too great and they were forced to reveal Baranès's whereabouts to the military examining magistrate in charge of the case, Baranès was tipped in advance and escaped on a red bicycle. Late that night Baranès added the final Hollywood touch to the affair by panting up to the gate of the ancient Benedictine monastery of La-Pierre-Qui-Vire in the nearby Morvan, which throughout the centuries has always granted asylum to all who seek it.

"I ask for asylum, Father," Baranès solemnly told the monk who answered his ring. "Besides, I've decided to become a Catholic."

Baranès was given a monk's cell and left alone to meditate.

Confessions, True and False

Next morning gendarmes who had tracked Baranès to the monastery and surrounded it before dawn arrested him after a lively chase through the monks' kitchen garden.



That evening, October 2, he arrived back in Paris, dusty, disheveled, wearing a filthy blue sweater, but completely cheerful. After an all-night grilling in Wybot's office—while Mitterand and his chief aides bit their nails in the Minister's office upstairs—Baranès broke down, or appeared to. He confessed that he had been getting reports of the Defense Committee meetings from Turpin through Labrusse and that he had transmitted them, according to circumstances, to his chief, d'Astier de la Vigerie, to Communist Deputy Waldeck-Rochet, and even to the acting Communist chief Jacques Duclos. It was always on Duclos' instructions, Baranès declared, that he had camouflaged the reports and handed them over to Dides.

"Morally, I consider that I have always been a one hundred per cent Communist," he proudly told Wybot. Then, his actor's face streaked with tears, he asked to see his wife so he could ask her forgiveness and get news of his two children.

Before being led off to military prison, Baranès gave Wybot one more startling bit of information. The man who had tipped him off on his impending arrest was Dides' colleague, "M. Charles." This mysterious figure, Baranès revealed, was actually a former detective of the Paris prefecture named Alfred Delarue, who had been sentenced after the Liberation to eighteen years' hard labor for wartime collaboration with the Germans. In 1947 he had escaped from a prison camp near Toulouse during a mutiny staged by thirty-five fellow prisoners.

Dides, questioned in his turn, reluctantly admitted the truth about "M. Charles." According to Dides, Delarue, who quit school at the age of fifteen to become a woodchopper in his native Brittany, was the greatest living expert on the French Communist Party. He had been framed by the Communists on the collaboration charge. With the help of unnamed anti-Communist friends, the fugitive convict had been given a passport in the name of Charles Cartier and for the past few years had been living peacefully with his wife and children in a suburb of Paris. Last year, apparently, "M. Charles" even accompanied Dides to the United States to meet some of his anti-Communist friends there. Somehow Baranès missed out on that trip. Staggered by these revelations of a secret state within—and above—the state, the authorities told Dides to produce "M. Charles" or else, and the missing convict duly surrendered himself. In a final statement to the press, "M. Charles" affirmed his complete faith in Baranès's patriotism and declared that the latter had lied in his confession to Wybot.

As IF PICKING up a cue, Baranès repudiated his confession.

"I was worn out by the all-night interrogation when I confessed at the DST," Baranès told the military magistrate. "I just talked to please the DST people. Actually I've always been a loyal Frenchman. Many times I wanted to quit the party, but Dides told me it was my patriotic duty to stay on, so I did. Instead of putting me in prison you ought to give me the Legion of Honor."

In a sudden burst of magnanimity Baranès declared that Turpin and Labrusse, despite their confessions, had only given him harmless news items for publication in his paper. These two then promptly repudi-

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ated their own confessions, and Turpin, improving on Baranès's psychological sabotage, declared that while he might have given some classified information to d'Astier de la Vigerie, it was only so that the latter could pass it on to Mendès-France, then Leader of the Opposition.

As for the famous reports on the meetings of the National Defense Committee, Jacques Duclos was bored with them. "He already had the information from another source," Baranès affirmed to the judge. Pressed to name this mysterious new Communist master spy, Baranès stubbornly refused.

"I have certain suspicions but it wouldn't be proper to mention any names," he answered sanctimoniously. Noting the startled look on the magistrate's face, he added angrily, "You don't have to have me examined by a psychiatrist. I'm as sane as you are."

Anti-Communist Tide

By this time the newspaper-reading public of France was beginning to think that it needed a psychiatrist. But underlying the public's bewilderment was a rising tide of indignation—at Baranès, the enigmatic exhibitionist who was playing cat and mouse with a nation's nerves; at Dides and his friends, the bumbling, deluded anti-Communists who for two and a half years had been the inadvertent allies of French Communism; above all at the Communists and their friends and traitorous sympathizers.

There are some indications that Premier Mendès-France himself is getting ready to ride this anti-Communist tide with more zest than either his friends or his enemies would have believed possible a few months ago.

The Emergence Of Hugh Gaitskell

WILLIAM CLARK

SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND

"YOU'RE NOTHING but a bully, a big bully!" shouted Aneurin Bevan from the platform of the Labour Party conference. "You're just the leader of the bobby-soxers!" came the reply from Arthur Deakin, the acknowledged leader of the trade-unionists.

This year's Labour Party conference, held here at Scarborough, was the most significant since the war, because it saw the climax of a struggle for leadership that may decide what sort of party of the Left Britain is to have in the future.

Of course, Aneurin Bevan's bid for the leadership has been a feature of Labour politics since 1950, and he is so colorful a character that almost all the cameras and reporters concentrated on him. As a result the really new and important event of the conference was almost entirely overlooked—the emergence of Hugh Gaitskell as Mr. Attlee's heir presumptive.

Modern political leaders, like medieval princes, do not like having heirs too presumptive for fear they may unnaturally hasten the succession. But Mr. Attlee is over seventy, and for some time his greatest weakness as leader has been that younger politicians were aware that their future would lie in other hands. Mr. Bevan played to perfection the role of being the wave of the future. Bright young men in the party saw in him an unorthodox, unpopular, but dynamic personality who would one day replace the tame, orthodox leaders.

THE NEW STRENGTH of the orthodox but elderly Attlee-Morrison leadership is that they have now staked out their claim to the future. Gaitskell is eight years younger than Bevan. To the ambitious rank and file in the party, it seems all the more likely that Hugh Gaitskell is the heir because he bears such a strong family resemblance to the present leader.

Like Attlee, Gaitskell was educated at one of England's most famous public schools, Attlee at Haileybury, Gaitskell at the even more exclusive Winchester. Both went to Oxford, and Gaitskell's family, like Attlee's, has long been connected with the administration of the British Empire. But Hugh Gaitskell chose an academic career until the war, when he and Sir Oliver Franks were the stars of the large group of teachers turned civil servants.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1950 and today as contender for a future Premiership, Gaitskell remains the intellectual—essentially middle-class, unemotional, and cautious. Can such a man become the leader of Britain's leftist party?

With one accord the Bevanites answer "No." They say that the party of the working class demands working-class leadership, that socialism will wither if it is not revolutionary, that the party needs leaders with fire in their belly, not "desiccated calculating machines" (Bevan's description of Gaitskell).

But the leader of the Labour Party—the man who will be Prime Minister if Labour wins an election—is not chosen by a national convention nor by a popular ballot; he is elected by the Labour members of Parliament—about three hundred men and women out of the millions of party members. What these M.P.s look for is not a crusader, not even a campaigner. (The Prime Minister does not usually stump the country in elections, since he has only to get himself elected in his own constituency.) They want someone who can hold the party together. In choosing a leader, what they are after is that favorite British quality, team spirit.

The Semifinals

What happened at the Labour Party conference this year was that Gait-

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skell and Bevan were both tested for this peculiar ability, and Bevan was found wanting. He had the ideal issue—German rearmament—which united pacifists, fellow travelers, anti-Germans, anti-Americans, and just plain scared honest men who found themselves in opposition to it. Yet he lost, though by a very narrow margin, on that issue. Even more significant, in a straight fight with Gaitskell for the honorary post of party treasurer Bevan's own allies deserted him and he was defeated.

Gaitskell's great strength is that he can get on with the trade-union leaders, whose rank and file provide both the funds and the votes without which Labour would be doomed to be a permanent minority party. He also has the background and manner to win the vote of that part of the middle class which is not socialist but is by no means wedded to the Tories. It was this block of votes that swept Labour to power in 1945, and it is essential to any strong Labour Government.

WHAT SORT of a Labour Party would—one might almost say will—emerge under Gaitskell's leadership? Rather surprisingly, it may be in foreign affairs that he will make his greatest contribution. In practical terms, Gaitskell was the author of the Colombo Plan, and he retains a burning interest in the development of backward areas as one of the first priorities of peace. But unlike many of his colleagues, he is eager to work out such policies in close collaboration with the United States. There is no trace of jealousy of the United States in his make-up, and therefore no emotional anti-Americanism. He is far more of an internationalist, far more at home in New York or Paris, than Mr. Attlee or Mr. Bevan will ever be.

The great difficulty Gaitskell will face is in home affairs. How can he clearly differentiate his policy from the moderate Toryism of Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler? And how can he hope to retain the radicals in his own party without abandoning his own moderation? The real test of Hugh Gaitskell's caliber will be whether he can create a moderate, gradualist social democratic party without driving the left wing into a flirtation with Communism.

Oregon: Can the Issues Be Ignored?

JOE MILLER

OREGON hasn't sent a Democrat to the U.S. Senate since 1914. The state legislature has been Republican since 1878. The Republican political machine controls the State House at Salem and every county courthouse but one. And the G.O.P. state committee has the money. In the 1952 campaign the Republicans reported

spending $315,400; the Democrats $29,800.

Under the circumstances one would hardly expect Oregon's senior Senator, Republican Guy Cordon, to be greatly worried about his prospects of re-election in November. But he is.

If misfortune overtakes him it will be due to the fact that his opponent, Democratic State Senator Richard Lewis Neuberger, is facing him with an issue that may well cause Senator Cordon to lose many Republican votes. The issue is President Eisenhower's "partnership" program for the development of the West's natural resources. During his ten and a half years in office Senator Cordon has supported the cause of private utilities as against public utilities. Under the Eisenhower Administration he has consistently supported, if not inspired, the anti-conservationist policies of Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay. Here then is a Senator from a strongly Republican state helping a native son of the same state carry out a Republican program. What is wrong in that picture? Simply this: The particular program involved runs counter to a still vigorous tradition among Oregon Republicans.

A Progressive Tradition

It was under the leadership of the late Senator Charles L. McNary, a member of the Senate for twenty-seven years, that Oregon Republicanism became strongly agrarian and progressive. Oregon went for Roosevelt four times. And it was Senator McNary's popularity that built up Oregon Republicanism to its present strength.

It is the memory of what Senator McNary stood for—of this long fight for the conservation and utilization of the Northwest's natural resources—that may now break that strength in November. There are still many McNary Republicans in Oregon, and Secretary McKay's "partnership" program is not making it easy for them to stay in line with him, or with Senator Cordon.

The extent of the disillusionment with McKay cannot fully be appreciated until you talk to the very persons he has been trying to help the most, the private utilities executives. "McKay probably is the worst Interior secretary since Albert B. Fall," the president of a large utility told me. "I defy you to tell me what his policies are. 'Partnership' is a joke. McKay has given use meaningless phrases and handshaking instead of a definite policy."

It is not only principle that is involved. In Republican eastern Oregon, local pride has been hurt by McKay's abandonment of the Hells Canyon dam site. Conservationists

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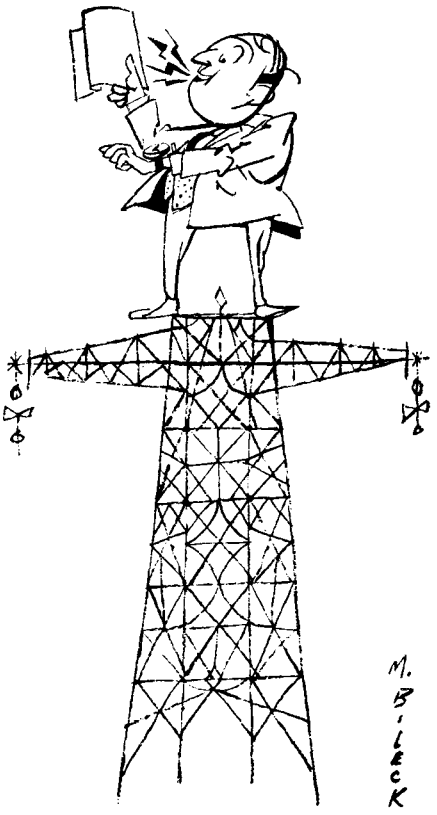
have become so alienated by Interior policies that former U.S. Chief Forester Lyle F. Watts, Oregon's leading conservationist, has abandoned his lifelong nonpartisanship to campaign for Neuberger. Oregon's smaller lumbermen are aroused by McKay's removal of U.S. forest lands from competitive bidding, which is benefiting the big timber companies. When Portland's leading banker, E. B. McNaughton, told an Oregon lumbermen's convention that "Doug McKay acts as if he has forgotten that he comes from the West," there was a burst of applause from his Republican audience.

A Democrat's Chances

Richard Neuberger, the Democratic candidate, also is making it hard for the McNary Republicans to stay in line. He calls Cordon and McKay "the Giveaway twins of politics," and charges them with "selling out Oregon's most precious heritage, its resources." This sounds like campaign oratory and it is, but Neuberger has been defending those resources for years with facts and reasoning, in articles, in his book *Our Promised Land,* and in the Oregon state legislature, to which he was first elected in 1940. Born in Portland, Neuberger is forty-one; he is married to Maurine Brown, also a Democrat, also a state legislator. In the state legislature he has been independent—on occasion opposing the American Legion, the fisheries interests, and the Teamsters Union—and vigorous. In the last four years, eleven of the forty-nine bills he proposed were passed by the Republican-dominated legislature. Now, in his campaign for the U.S. Senate, he is counting on the support of many uneasy and unhappy Republicans.

Isolationism has not been popular in Oregon. It was on this issue that Senator Wayne Morse defeated Senator Rufus Holman in 1944. And not a few Oregon Republicans are embarrassed at the fact that Senator Cordon, who was one of the thirteen Senators to vote against the Atlantic pact, voted for the Bricker amendment and has opposed anything with the slightest international purport, from mutual security to reciprocal trade. Many others dislike heartily



the leading role he played in defeating Senator Lister Hill's "Oil for Education" bill. Oregon's schools need money.

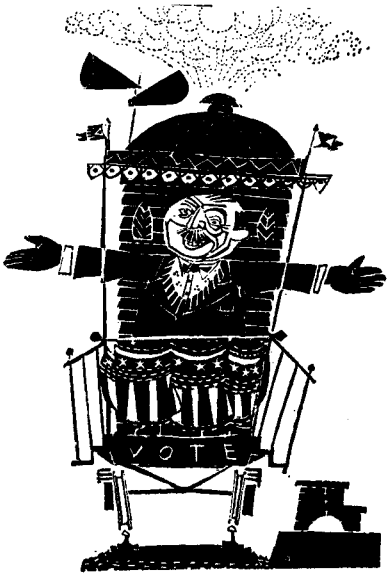
Oregonians have other reasons for being critical of Senator Cordon aside from his break from the McNary tradition and his close association with Secretary McKay. Those who are concerned with improving the educational system support Neuberger. Organized labor representing 214,000 unionists is solidly behind him. Farm leaders who didn't like his stand on authorizing colored oleomargarine are supporting him today. "The big issues," says Richard Moeller of the Farmers Union, "are far more important than a little thing like oleo."

Painting Pictures . . .

It is indeed troublesome for the Republicans that Neuberger has the issues. Senator Cordon, a product of the county courthouse machine, is a small, bespectacled man who confesses that he hates "making speeches." He has deliberately functioned in relative obscurity. "Wayne Morse is welcome to the headlines," he once said. "I prefer the quiet." In previous campaigns he has entrusted his fortunes to the G.O.P. machine with its ample funds for advertising and its excellent organization.

But this autumn he is campaigning from dawn to midnight. Against Neuberger, however, the machine is employing arguments that have seldom been used in Oregon politics. This summer a straight anti-Semitic attack was launched against Neuberger. The broadside drew sharp criticism from several Republican newspapers, including the influential Eugene *Register-Guard,* but it failed to give pause to Cordon's strategists. "That was just a trial balloon," said one of the Senator's head publicity men. "We can't and won't try to beat Neuberger on the issues, but who cares about the issues? We're making our campaign on the basis of personalities, and being a Jew is part of Neuberger's personality, isn't it?"

There does seem to be a particular antagonism toward issues in the Cordon camp. The same publicity



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man said: "Let Neuberger have the issues. The Democrats have had them before, but so what? All people really care about is personalities. We're selling Cordon as home folks, a cracker-barrel man who's been back there in Washington protecting your money and mine and fighting to stop a lot of socialist bureaucrats from taking everything over. Neuberger can have all the issues he wants, but he's still a sharp city fellow. After we paint those pictures, which personality do you think the public will buy? Issues, who in hell gives a damn about issues when you can paint a picture like that?"

The tenor of Senator Cordon's campaign is also indicated in a remark made at a Republican rally recently by State Senator Gene Brown of Grants Pass, one of Cordon's chief supporters: "A high-level campaign is fine—until you start to lose."

Senator Cordon's supporters may be right. But perhaps his clever publicity men are overlooking factors Republican candidates in Oregon haven't had to consider in recent elections. There is little question that 1954 is a better year for Oregon Democrats than any since the depression. No Western state has been harder hit economically; recently Oregon had one of the nation's highest unemployment rates, and more business bankruptcies than in any year since 1932. The farmers are discontented too.

But it is not economic difficulties alone that may prove the Cordon staff wrong and elect Neuberger. The danger to the Republicans lies in the issues they are so anxious to dismiss. Neuberger is presenting these issues and so is Senator Wayne Morse, who is supporting Neuberger's candidacy. It is the G.O.P., however, that must face the issues.

If enough Oregon Republicans reject Secretary McKay's "partnership" program, Richard Neuberger will be elected. A Western Republican governor said to me: "This is a major test case. You must remember that resource policy always has been a Republican Achilles heel. If Neuberger should win, political necessity would dictate a certain change in our thinking on this issue." Oregon Republicans may be due for some hard rethinking.

Riggs: Where Psychiatrists Learn

MARYA MANNES

The house where the patients live is called the Inn: a white building, unpretentious but formal, too large for a private residence nowadays, too small for a hotel, in no way an institution. For the basic tenet of the Austen Riggs Center is that the best way to care for the sick in mind is to keep them, insofar as it is possible, among the healthy, as a part of a living community to which they must try to relate themselves sooner or later. It is an "open" sanitarium, set back from the broad and leafy main street of Stockbridge, Massachusetts; and at this season

particularly, the American dignity of this Berkshire town and the extraordinary beauty of the autumn-flaming trees made one think that simply being there was a kind of therapy in itself.

Forty patients live in the Inn, each suffering from a different kind of psychoneurosis. They are not sick enough for a "closed" institution, but they are too sick to continue their ordinary lives while they are treated. They range from the teens to middle age, with the majority in their twenties and thirties.

About three-fourths of them are able to pay twenty to twenty-nine dollars a day for room and board and twenty dollars a day for their hour with the psychiatrist. The rest are substantially aided by grants. All live most comfortably, in interiors of space and charm: cheerful, light bedrooms; an enormous yet friendly living room; a dining room furnished and flower-set as in a resort inn. Under the supervision of seven nurses, never in uniform, the patients may come and go as they wish, and at mealtime they may sit where they wish at the various tables. They are treated by ten psychiatrists and psychologists.

Who are these forty? They cannot be named, of course, or described. They might include a cousin of yours, or the nephew of a friend, or a patient of your doctor's, or you. For one of the most disturbing facts of today is that there is almost no one of us who has not, in the course of a lifetime, confronted mental illness, either directly or indirectly. The mentally ill occupy over fifty per cent of the hospital beds in the nation. If we do not know any of the hospitalized, then out of the eight or nine millions of mentally ill among us we know at least one person who has stepped over that faint and wavering line between reason and irrationality, between balance and imbalance, between trouble and torture. It is out of these that the forty at Riggs are chosen.

Even if you saw them among you, as the natives of Stockbridge do, day in and day out, you would probably not recognize them as having crossed this line. Only the trained eye and the intuitive heart can single out the disturbed, can detect, through a way of walking or using the hands, through expressions of the eyes and mouth, which of us are trapped in a private prison. Without this insight, they are as you or I.

Yet how, the outsider asks, do these forty out of nine million manage to get this kind of attention? Who are the lucky ones? The reason cannot be money, for if such care were everywhere available, there would be

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thousands able to pay for it. As for types of mental illnesses, Riggs appears to set no requirements except that the patient be controllable in relation to others and yet sufficiently disturbed to be beyond the reach of ordinary outpatient therapy. To select those forty who should be admitted out of this great intermediate mass of the mentally sick referred to Riggs by doctors and other institutions is one of the staff's toughest problems. Even after the prolonged and exhaustive study of case histories that precedes final admission, mistakes can be made. The patient may become uncontrollable and must be referred to a closed institution, or may be found so unresponsive to treatment that it is useless for him to stay on. The doctors can never be sure because they do not know enough.

The Painful Voyage Back

The whole purpose of the Center is just this: to learn. Riggs is a pilot plant, a sort of institute of advanced study where some of the best psychiatrists in the country have the means, the time, and the privacy to find out what sickens the human mind and what can restore it. This is virtually impossible in a state institution, where one doctor must often "handle" four hundred patients. At Riggs there are four patients to one doctor. "The ratio of four hundred to one," said one psychiatrist there, "is custody. Four to one is treatment."

Schizophrenia—anxiety—paranoia—fear—apathy—aggression—masochism—what can they mean, where do they start? The woman who flies from marriage into unreality, the brilliant youth who breaks down on the threshold of a successful career, the spinster who searches forever for a home she has never had, the husband who after ten years of happy marriage feels an anguished compulsion to dress like a woman, the young girl who craves death, the woman who washes her hands all day and can touch nothing for fear of defilement—these were once able to live with themselves and with others, if not happily, then at least within the pattern of society. What pushed them out of this pattern—beyond the line?

To know this is to know the individual. And five days of every week each patient at the Inn walks down the spacious main street of Stockbridge to undertake the painful voyage of discovery which is knowledge of self. The patient walks to a small white building, Purinton House, where the doctors have their offices, and for an hour, which may be infinity, speaks out of his personal darkness. The doctor listens, guides, probes, and tries—with all the knowledge of human pain he has acquired—to understand. For that is above all what these people need: to be understood; and even more, to understand themselves. It may take months or years, but not until they do understand have they made the trip back to reality.

"If we can help them retrace their steps," the psychiatrist says, "we can show them why they took the path they did and where it has led."

The doctors talk with humility before such mysteries. "We think we know some of the reasons, and we know some ways to help. The rest is unexplored territory which we must penetrate with every resource we have. The trouble is, people expect 'results,' as one would in an operation. They expect 'cures.' But we don't even use the word. It's simply not applicable. Even though a patient may leave us much better than he came, though he may have 'social recovery'—the ability to function in everyday life—how can we tell he is wholly cured? We can only say that he is 'markedly improved' or 'restored to his pre-morbid condition.' But we can never be sure that under stress the wounds will not open again."

The doctors of the Austen Riggs Center are a notable group: Dr. Robert P. Knight, formerly chief of staff of the Menninger Foundation in Topeka; Dr. Edgerton Howard; Dr. David Rapaport, former director of research at Menninger; Dr. Margaret Brenman, former director of the department of psychology at Menninger; Dr. Stuart C. Miller; Dr. Robert B. White; Dr. Joseph Chassell, formerly chief of psychotherapy at the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital; and Professor Erik H. Erikson, formerly professor of psychology at the University of California and president of both the San Francisco Psychoanalytical Society and Institute. Supplementing these doctors are several young Fellows in psychiatry who are receiving their advanced training at Riggs.

Formidable though it may sound, the staff of Riggs is a relaxed and personable group, free of pretension. Dr. Knight is a huge man, moose-like, six foot five, who can speak simply on complex matters. Dr. Erikson is a big, rosy-cheeked, white-haired, blue-eyed Dane: a Viking and—if there ever was one—a well-cast "father image." Dr. Brenman, small, dark, and highly articulate, is the wife of William Gibson, author of *Cobweb*, the recent novel about the mentally ill, and mother of a small son who will most certainly not suffer from rejection. She is warm and earthy and does not brandish the knowledge she has managed to assemble and dispense in her thirty-three years. Dr. Chassell, pipe in mouth and humor in hand, could be an urbane professor of history. It is easily understandable why such men and women are able to help other human beings and are well equipped to turn experience into wisdom.

Open House

In full consistency with the tenet of the "open" sanitarium held by the Riggs staff, on one weekend each year the doctors, the trustees, and a few invited guests join in a series of meetings dedicated to bridging the

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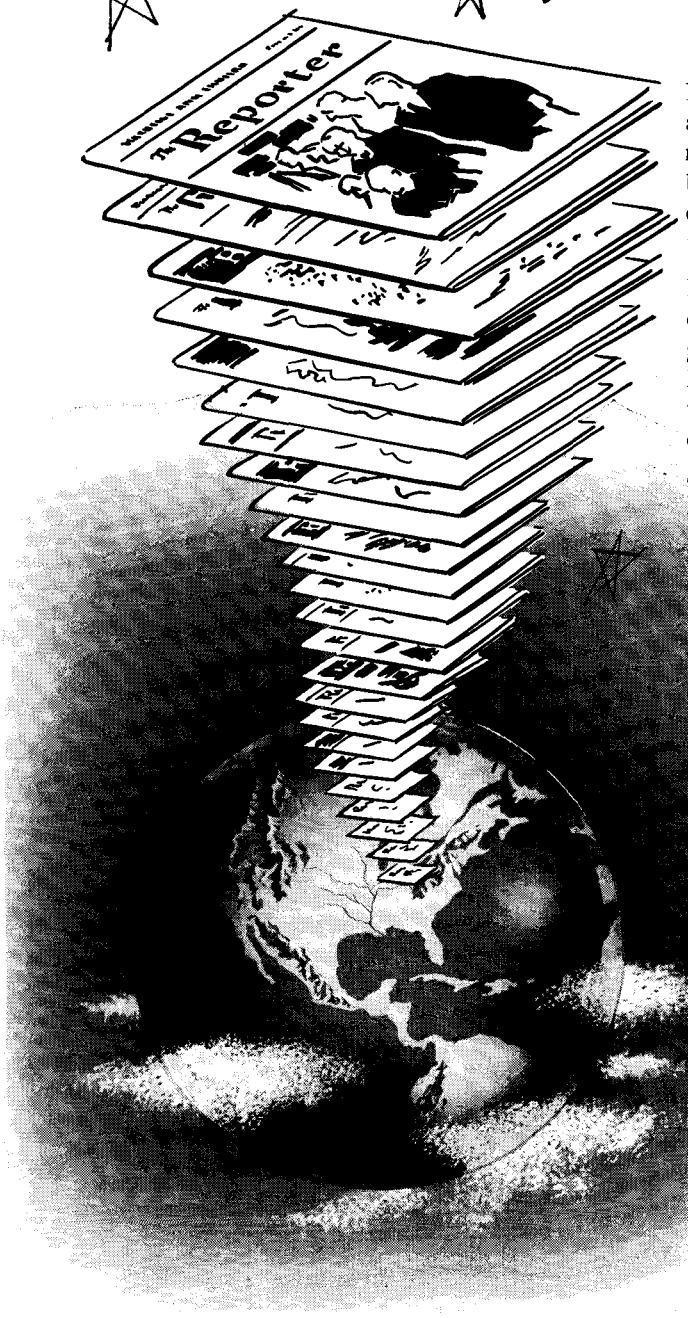

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gap between the intuitive layman and the practiced professional in a field which is of acute concern to both.

It is also consistent with Riggs that most of its trustees are younger than most, in their forties or early fifties. Among them are bankers and lawyers of substance and acumen, with alert and attractive wives; a nationally known political columnist; a successful TV and documentary script-writer; a distinguished woman portrait painter. Their common denominators – infrequent among boards of trustees–are vigor and vision.

Of the guests invited, some were interested friends of Riggs, some were writers. We were free to ask questions about the work at Riggs, and we did.

This freedom had, to be sure, its limitations. Professional ethics forbade discussion of specific cases, and only those problems and types of mental illness were described which, through their frequency of incidence, could refer to many and not to one identifiable person. Thus the questions had to be general in an area where generalities are particularly misleading, for no psychiatrist can automatically apply to one patient what he has learned from another. Each mind is a private world, although the winds that sweep through them may be universal.

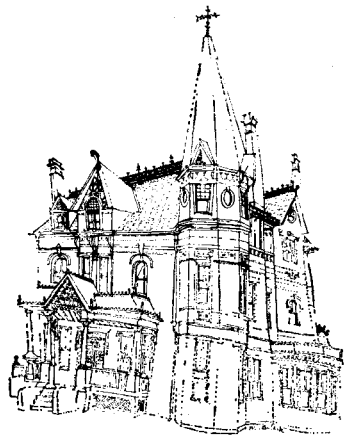
So the doctors spoke of their work and of tentative conclusions, reached not only at Riggs but in other centers of study in the country–the Menninger Clinic, Chestnut Lodge, the great universities.

THE DOCTORS know that when people reach the breaking point or exceed it, they need–as Professor Erikson calls it–a moratorium: a vacation from their former activities and environment. This may be as short as a month or as long as two years, but without this pause the sickness can only feed and grow on itself.

The doctors know that with all its dangers and disadvantages the "open" sanitarium is the best for certain types and stages of illness. This freedom imposes a far greater strain on the staff–and in some ways on the patient–than confinement would, but without it the return to reality becomes progressively harder. Rigid routine and supervision atrophy the will, and the will must reassert itself for eventual health. The patient, the doctors feel, must at no time be entirely divorced from the external world.

There Must Be Involvement

They know now that belonging to a group is much better for this type of patient than isolation. The patients at Riggs have a kind of self-government that expresses itself in regular meetings to decide questions ranging from food and art exhibitions to the expulsion of a patient whom the majority feel dangerous to their welfare. Being part of an organization gives them an insight into others and into themselves which is



a prerequisite of health. This, the doctors maintain, more than compensates for whatever friction and disturbance may (and does) rise from close contact between highly strung withdrawn or aggressive people. This friction is, after all, part of life.

The doctors know that "occupational therapy," heavily relied on for years, is not enough. To weave baskets or make belts may pass the long hours and temporarily relieve tensions, but occupation is valueless without involvement. The patient must in some way fulfill and express himself in work, and this is what Riggs is trying to do for him in its group activities program.

Under the direction of Professor Erikson's wife Joan, a woman of remarkable balance and insight, and under professional instruction, the patients produce paintings and sculpture which, apart from illuminating their condition, can stand comparison with some of the work seen in contemporary galleries, and photography of artistic and technical merit. They produce and act in plays before paying local audiences with a competence which, according to Clifford Odets, who saw one of his plays so performed in Stockbridge, is equal to that of any good amateur group: no more than the usual nerves, no more than the usual "fluffs." This ability of the emotionally disturbed to rise to crisis and accept responsibility has amazed even their doctors, although one of them remarked ruefully, "I was very upset when one of my patients, after doing a fine job in a play, went back to the Inn and tried to set fire to it."

Yet this was an exception. To many of the Riggs patients, creative experience brings, in Mrs. Erikson's words, "the kind of enrichment they can take away with them." It feeds that emotional starvation–the corollary, it seems, of a mechanized society–which is at the root of so much suffering.

Some Hard Questions

Questions lingered in the air long after the meeting:

There was talk of a man who was incapable of responding to therapy because he had no "conscience." What was conscience?

Was not the Inn a sort of perfect life in its freedom from responsibility, its comfort, its lack of pressures and disciplines–and therefore an unreal one? Was it not true that some patients, who had "never had it so good" in their starved or burdened lives, spent the rest of their days yearning for Riggs, the ultimate haven? And was this a help or a hindrance to their readjustment to the harsher realities?

Why did more and more of the young show need of psychiatric help? Did this not show a lack of communication with older and wiser beings–either parent or teacher or priest or friend?

What part did heredity play in mental illness? The doctors maintained that it was very slight compared to environmental factors, yet did not the constitutional factors in each human being affect environment?

Was not the psychiatrist, in his

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justifiable impatience with the questionable concept of "normality," in danger of directing his sympathy to the abnormal, accepting it as the natural product of our times? Compassion for the sick, without which admittedly no treatment is possible, was infinitely desirable as compared to former attitudes of aversion and judgment. Yet was not the tendency to exempt the sick from responsibility, laying it at the feet of society, too pronounced?

On the defensive after long popular suspicion and misinterpretation, was not psychiatry becoming a kind of religion, with the doctors as priests, the patients as disciples, and the world outside—the world of the so-called "normal" or balanced—an obtuse and unenlightened one? And in spite of the need in each profession for special terms and definitions, did not the highly technical language of psychiatry serve to heighten this defensive wall?

THESE WERE some of the questions the visitors asked the doctors, who may indeed have found them primitive, banal, and predicated on ignorance. It is to the credit of the Riggs staff that they tried to answer them without impatience or condescension, realizing perhaps that even in their oversimplification they were questions of legitimate concern to a great many people.

They touched, also, on legitimate and urgent areas of research, for which a center like Riggs is an ideal laboratory. For while its immediate aim is to ease and if possible dispel the mental anguish of the patients in its care, the long-range goal is to isolate the sources of this cancer of the soul and, having located them, to treat, alleviate, or eradicate them.

One young doctor said it best: "If we can change neurotic suffering into common unhappiness, we feel we have accomplished a great deal."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Days and Joys Of My Unmelancholy Dane

BILL MAULDIN

FIVE YEARS AGO, while shopping around our county for a mutt, I was offered a Great Dane pup free by some friends in a nearby town.

"We adore Eric," they said, eying the gangly, fawn-colored young giant with obvious affection, "but when we got him we didn't realize how unfair and confining a city lot would become. He needs elbow room, to put it mildly."

"Well, I like the pooch all right," I admitted (noting carefully that Eric was not a drooler and that he was one of those rare dogs who'll not only look you in the eye but whose eyes twinkle), "and I've got ten acres of mountainside, which ought to take him at least a couple of jumps to cover—but I was really looking for something more in the way of a dog, not a horse. This boy doesn't want acreage—he needs open range." In the end I took Eric home, after learning that a man who supplied a big zoo up the Hudson with frozen horsemeat by the ton had a sideline of delivering large hunks of the stuff at cut rates to private owners of lions, bears, and Great Danes.

WE'VE NEVER REGRETTED our acquisition. The dog now stands three feet high at the shoulders, is broad-chested and powerfully muscled, and weighs 180 pounds at his lean best. He has the fangs of a saber-toothed tiger, and the disposition of an angel with our kids. Well aware of his own size, he pussyfoots around the house like a dignified ghost, never bumps into things except when he whacks some poor soul with his immense tail in a moment of glee, and it upsets him something awful when a child drops or breaks any small object because he's afraid we'll think he did it.

Although Eric is an instinctively good watchdog with a discriminating suspicion of strangers—and he even discourages friends from walking in without announcing themselves—he's not a snarler or snapper by nature. Like Joe Louis, he carries his strength with serene gentleness. He knows he doesn't have to show his prowess; he need only show himself.

No Horsing Around

Eric will not allow himself to be made ridiculous. He'll condescend to learn useful things, such as property boundaries, and he lets us festoon him with red bunting during deer season. (With his size, coloring, and loping gait in the woods he'd be a sieve in five minutes out our way.) But if you try to teach him a parlor trick he'll stare at you in disgust. Every time an outsider sees Eric lying on the rug with our four little boys, aged one to six, mauling him from one end to the other, while the dog actually manages to look aloof, tidy, and self-possessed (a trick no adult human could duplicate), the stranger can think of but one thing:

"Does he let 'em ride him? You ought to get a saddle."

I used to say "No," that Eric wouldn't stand for it. Every time I had seen one of the kids try to climb onto him he'd just stalked huffily away. But one evening about two years ago, when Andy was four, I heard happy chortling in the darkened living room, peeked in, and saw Eric lying before the fireplace with Andy actually mounted on his back, holding his collar and giddapping merrily. And lo, the beast rose slowly and delicately to his feet and began walking toward the door where I stood, with the boy's heels

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drumming enthusiastically on his sides. I tried to duck out of sight, but didn't make it. The instant Eric spotted me, with a shrug of his shoulders he bucked poor Andy off headfirst onto the hardwood floor.

It's cruel to have small pets around toddlers unless you're determined to keep after the kids not to poke, tease, or pull tails. Otherwise, if the pet lacks the good sense to run away from home, it becomes a neurotic, and more than likely will end up by taking a chunk out of a child. With Eric, this problem has never come up. The kids can go just so far with him. He'll take pokes and pummels, and when they fall over him he lies there accommodatingly like a big cushion. But if they go messing around with his tail, shoot him with water pistols, or otherwise treat him with derision, he punishes them. The treatment never varies. Eric just walks past the offender and twitches him lightly with a hip. This is roughly equivalent to an adult being brushed lightly in passing by the 20th Century Limited, and when the stunned, squalling culprit picks himself up off the floor he is immediately comforted with a loving swipe across the face by a Gargantuan tongue. Sometimes I think that dog is a better parent than I am, and I'd rather have him escorting my kids in the wood than a platoon of Rangers.

ERIC hates only one man alive—a vet who bullied him when he was young. "You've gotta show these big babies who's boss," the doctor once told me, and sure enough, the big pup cowered every time he went near that office. I took my trade to another man, whom Eric dotes on, and he didn't see the first doc again until four years later, when Eric was deathly ill with pneumonia and the friendly vet was on vacation. The dog was in such awful shape that my wife and I had to half-carry, half-drag his feverish bulk from the car into the examination room, and yet when his old enemy swaggered masterfully up to him, Eric, no longer an unsure puppy, exploded and went for him with a bellowing savagery that made my hair stand on end. My wife and I both made a lucky grab for the dog's collar and it took all our strength, plus the fact that the huge, churning paws couldn't get a good purchase on the polished floor, to hold him back.

"What'd you do to make him so vicious?" asked the doctor. "He didn't used to be like this."

We drove thirty miles to another vet, a complete stranger, and with him Eric was just a sick, docile dog again, even when the guy gave him the needle.

Caveat Garbage Man

Our Dane is a conservative old Teuton about property rights, and he carries a slight grudge against the garbage man, whom he sees arrive empty-handed and depart laden with goodies. But the dog's resentment, in this case, is salted with humor. Once we forgot to lock him up on collection day, and upon hearing piteous cries for help interspersed with bestial garrumphings, we rushed outside to find the garbage man astraddle the hood of his truck in a St. George stance, with pitifully inadequate stick for sword and garbage-can lid for buckler, fending off a leaping dragon who was roaring with what the man finally came to learn was not the "business growl" but pure wicked laughter. We gave Eric hell for it, but chuckles kept rumbling deep in his chest for the rest of the day.

ONE winter day a stranger in an open MG came up the driveway. Eric galloped up to challenge at his usual cruising speed of thirty miles an hour, hit a patch of ice, and slid toward the little car for what promised to be a spectacular crash. There was no question but what the MG would come out second best. But Eric is a gentleman and respects property, as I said. At the last second he got his feet under him and averted collision by simply sailing over the driver's head. He landed in more ice on the other side and kept sliding until he fetched up against a stone fence, but the stranger didn't wait to see this. The car had never come to a complete stop; now the man, his eyes bugging out of a white face, just gunned her right on around the driveway loop and faded away. I never did find out who he was or what he wanted.

(This is the first of two articles about Eric.)

in this moment

The prayer lingers still . . . across the table as Dad begins to serve . . . it brushes Mother's still-bowed head . . . it caresses Sally's fist as she reaches for the promised drumstick. The words of thanksgiving are being made real in this moment—the words of gratitude from a good provider to the Great Provider . . . in this time of security together.

The most precious gift we give or receive is the gift of security. Only in a land like ours are we free to choose security as a goal of living.

And through this choice we achieve another great gift. For, secure homes, one joining another, make up the security of America.

Saving for security is easy—on the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in United States Savings Bonds.

This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in United States Series "E" Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30.

U.S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish.

If you want your interest as current income, ask your bank about 3% Series "H" Bonds which pay interest semiannually by Treasury check.

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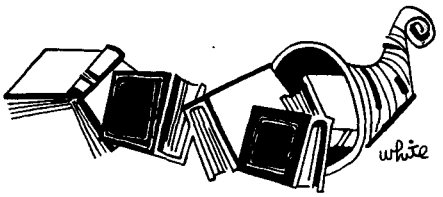
A Great Book



MAX ASCOLI

DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD, AS RECORDED BY LUCIEN PRICE. *Little, Brown. $5.*

THERE HAVE BEEN memorable philosophers whose thinking has not been tempered by wisdom or by charity. Sometimes the power of reason can be as reckless as a force of nature. Western civilization has paid a very high price for Hegel's system, from which both the idolatry of the state and Marx's historical materialism have stemmed. Seldom has a philosopher's creative thinking been sustained by so much wisdom as in the case of Alfred North Whitehead.

The book that Lucien Price has written brings those already acquainted with Whitehead's thinking into a respectful intimacy with the working of that extraordinary mind; the uninitiated will find here the best introduction to Whitehead. These "Dialogues" show him firmly in possession of his formidable ideas, always kind, always true to himself, with a nearly universal range of interests, from mathematics to religion to literature to music to politics, and yet ultimately concerned with a very few basic issues—perhaps with only one. Alfred Whitehead was a true monotheist.

HE HAD a horrible fear of arteriosclerosis of the mind, no matter whether it shows itself in the way young people are educated, or in the hardening of dogma, or in the stiffening of political institutions when they become intolerant of novelty and dissent. "Teachers should be acutely conscious of the deficiencies in the matter taught. What they are teaching may be quite lacking in the necessary ingredients of nutriment. They should be on their guard against their materials and teach their students to be on their guard against them. Once learning solidifies, all is over with it." "The vitality of thought is in adventure. *Ideas won't keep.*" "A hundred thousand years ago—or sometime—nobody knows when—there came a turn in the development of man which brought about a very rapid advance. It was man's capacity for origination, his capacity for novelty, his curiosity, his liking for investigation. My fear for humanity is that they may lose it. One of the few places where it is still free is here in the United States."

The theme recurs over and over again: "It is the rigid dogma that destroys truth; and, please notice, my emphasis is not on the dogma but on the rigidity." For he knew that philosophy has to be dogmatic, and he himself brought into existence a philosophical system with built-in anti-rigidity checks. He knew how to shape finite concepts of crystal-clear purity without ever losing the sense of the infinite and the humility that the sense of the infinite imposes on all our circumscribed concluded achievements.

Alfred North Whitehead

He had a religious respect for the infinite potentialities of human beings that can be stunted when the state or political authority tries to confiscate the whole of the human person. Talking of Woodrow Wilson, he said, "Only a part of the man was acting, as President, because only a part of man is organized in the state."

He believed in God: "God is *in* the world, or nowhere, creating continually in us and around us." Of this creativeness, that spark of the power of God which was Whitehead gave faithful evidence throughout the eighty-seven years of his life. Born in England, the son of a minister, he spent the last and most productive years of his life in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He came to Harvard after having lost his son in the First World War, and ever since the start of the Second, until he died in 1947, he never stopped dreading what this unending war would do to men. "One of my anxieties about this war has been lest a rigid system be imposed on mankind and that fragile quality, his capacity for novel ideas, for novel aspects of old ideas, be frozen and he go on century after century, growing duller, more formularized until he and his society reach the static level of the insects." And again: "I have often thought that this war might be determining [man's] future one way or the other. The momentum, the impetus of independent thought is so easy to lose."

THROUGHOUT this book, Whitehead develops his ideas in conversation mostly with his wife—a woman worthy of him—and with Lucien Price, who recorded what was said and submitted the text he had prepared to the Whiteheads. The dialectics of these dialogues is that of conversation – different, therefore, from the more ponderous one of systematic reasoning, and even more from that which plods along by sorting out and—sometimes—analyzing facts. (Once, when asked "Which are more important, facts or ideas?" Whitehead reflected awhile, then said: "Ideas about facts.") The dialectics of conversation, as evidenced here, is a simultaneous attaining of intuition and ideas on the part of three exceptionally noble human beings, profoundly attuned to one another. Truly, they play with ideas as Mozart played with his themes.

Thanks to Lucien Price, the performance of this trio has been transcribed to enrich our lives.

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Willoughby on MacArthur: Myth and Reality

LOUIS MORTON

MACARTHUR, 1941-1951, by Major General Charles A. Willoughby and John Chamberlain. *McGraw-Hill. $5.75.*

ADMIRAL WILLIAM LEAHY once remarked that the mere mention of the name MacArthur seemed to generate more heat than light. That has been true throughout most of the fifty-two years of General Douglas MacArthur's military career, from his cadet days at West Point to his dismissal as Far East Commander in 1951. Always he has been the center of controversy, inspiring both blind devotion and deep distrust. For some he has seemed perfection itself, the living embodiment of every virtue; to others he has represented the darkest forces of reaction, a Man on Horseback who would rule the nation with an iron hand.

The violent emotions generated by MacArthur stem from the complex and contradictory character of the General himself. Handsome and elegant, brave to the point of foolhardiness, highly intelligent, well read, a brilliant conversationalist and a formidable orator, MacArthur has all the qualities of an inspiring leader. In his own field he is acknowledged as a master, a strategist of the first order and one of the great generals of our time. So magnetic is his personality and so persuasive his eloquence that even his bitterest opponents have been won over to his side after an hour's conversation. The admiration he sometimes arouses is close to adoration. A former President has likened him to St. Paul, an admiral to George Washington; others have compared him to Robert E. Lee, Napoleon, Caesar, and Alexander the Great.

But there is another side to this coin. The General is an austere and forbidding figure, imperious, extremely ambitious, extraordinarily sensitive to criticism, with an unshakable conviction in the rightness of his views. Quick to take credit when things go well, he is unwilling to share the blame when they do not. He has always sought a larger role in affairs than is normally accorded generals, thus confirming a distrust of military figures in politics firmly rooted in the American tradition. More than once as Chief of Staff and later as commander in the Pacific, he challenged and evaded the decisions and orders of his civilian and military superiors while advancing his own views in those quarters where they would have most effect.

Too good a soldier to commit the unforgivable sin of insubordination, General MacArthur has scrupulously adhered to the letter of his instructions while violating their spirit when it suited his purpose to do so. No one has shown greater skill than he in interpreting orders to justify a course of action never intended by those who had issued the orders. "When you put on a uniform," General Eisenhower once remarked, "there are certain inhibitions you accept." These "inhibitions" have rarely troubled MacArthur, and it is for this reason that he has become for many the personification of the political general.

In Black and White

Almost everything written about General MacArthur reflects the intense feelings he arouses and the controversial nature of his actions. His admirers view as criticism anything less than extravagant praise; his enemies regard any admission of virtue as a sellout to the forces of reaction. The result is that there are only two kinds of books about him, the adulatory and the denunciatory. To the adulatory can be added this latest book by General Willoughby, General MacArthur's intelligence officer from 1941 to 1951, and John Chamberlain, professional journalist and author.

Ordinarily, a book so frankly partisan would not warrant close analysis. But this one has some unusual features. It was undertaken with the encouragement of its subject, and its principal author, General Willoughby, is himself a key figure who for ten years presumably enjoyed a unique access to his chief and to the most confidential records of his headquarters. On the basis of this experience and supposedly "authentic documents not hitherto made public," Willoughby levels against men in high place the most serious charges and lends support to the allegations of "twenty years of treason" under Democratic rule. These charges he invests with an aura of historical authenticity, reinforced by MacArthur's recommendation of the narrative as one "entitled to full public acceptance."

No one will deny General Willoughby's qualifications. A senior and experienced intelligence officer trained to evaluate evidence as well as a writer and lecturer on military subjects with a long-time interest in history, Willoughby was a member of that inner circle known as the "Bataan Staff" which dominated MacArthur's headquarters from 1942 to 1951. As a member of that group, Willoughby did enjoy unusual opportunities to observe his chief in action. But no more than the others or than men like Courtney Whitney and Bonner Fellers who were not even in the Bataan group. Yet these

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men hardly figure in Willoughby's version of the decade 1941-1951. Willoughby emerges as the dominant figure of the staff, sometimes almost indistinguishable from General MacArthur himself. Each seems to speak with the voice of the other. The attributes of infallibility cling as closely to Willoughby's intelligence activities as to MacArthur's generalship.

Action by Intuition

One could forgive this distortion if the authors had lived up to their promise to tell the "headquarters story"; if they had dealt, as they had said they would, with "the considerations of 'high command,' the analysis of the political, strategic, and economic factors that influenced General MacArthur's major decisions in the Pacific, in Japan, and in Korea. . ."

Such a story would have been worth having. Not only would it have shed light on some of the puzzling paradoxes of General MacArthur's career, but it would have shown us the inner workings of a large military headquarters in action. But the reader will look in vain for these things. Nowhere in the book will he find any description of the meticulous and detailed work required for intelligent planning and decision, or any hint of the enormous activity carried on by the several hundred officers of various nationalities and services who composed the General's command mechanism. Barely mentioned are the key figures who directed and sifted the work of this large staff, translated General MacArthur's ideas into concrete and detailed plans, and supervised their execution. General MacArthur, in Willoughby's version of history, acted by intuition, with an assist from Intelligence.

At first glance this book has an authority and authenticity that compel belief. This effect is achieved with quotations—the book is largely made up of quotations strung together by text—variously described as staff estimates, records, reports, MacArthur statements, and the like. But a closer examination raises many puzzling questions. None of the quotations are documented, so that it is almost impossible to identify the source or the date of preparation. Some of the quotations, especially those attributed to General MacArthur, are so strikingly prescient as to raise a suspicion that they were prepared long after the event. The scholarly impedimenta that would enable the reader to determine for himself how much reliance to place on these quotations are missing completely. Without such aid, he is helpless to evaluate the data.

The bulk of the book, which deals with the Second World War and General MacArthur's return to the Philippines, is based on the work done by Willoughby's historical section in Tokyo. All together about ninety persons, military and civilian, American and Japanese, were employed in this section to produce a large number of volumes totaling about thirty thousand pages or nine million words. The most important work thus produced is the so-called "MacArthur Histories," which alone run to about 1,500 pages and which were in an advanced stage of publication at the time of MacArthur's dismissal. Though never published, a copy is on file in the Department of the Army and is available to the Army historians and bona fide scholars.

Careful Selection

A cursory examination of the "MacArthur Histories" as well as the other histories produced in Tokyo—and this reviewer has seen them all—makes it clear that General Willoughby and Mr. Chamberlain have chosen their materials carefully. What did not support their views they omitted; the rest they used skillfully for their own purposes. The task was simplified by the fact that the Tokyo histories themselves are somewhat less than objective, and during their preparation were closely supervised and personally "edited" by Willoughby. They contain no material not available to the Army historians and used by them in the preparation of the official *U.S. Army in World War II,* and omit much that was used in that series. They reflect the point of view of MacArthur's headquarters so closely as to give them the character of a commander's report or "dispatch," rather than a dispassionate history. When Willoughby quotes these histories as an authority, therefore, he is in effect quoting a slanted or biased document he may himself have already edited, a practice that violates every rule of historical scholarship.

THE AUTHORS' facts, as well as their methods, are open to question. To note point by point the inaccuracies, omissions, and distortions in the Second World War portion of the vol-

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ume alone would be a dreary and profitless task. Some of the most important ones are:

¶That there was no justification for the use of the atom bomb, and that General MacArthur, had he known about it, would have advised against its employment. The proof offered is a document written long after the event. This point, incidentally, is expanded to include the assertion that "Had Truman kept the atomic bomb a secret, the American politico-military position today would be impregnable," presumably because the Russians would not have learned of the bomb.

¶That General MacArthur by 1944 was opposed to Russian entry into the war against Japan. The proof offered is a statement by the General obviously made some time after 1945. Actually, MacArthur not only favored but urged that Russia be brought into the war as late as February and March, 1945, with a full realization of the price that would have to be paid for such intervention.

¶That General MacArthur did not know in 1942 of the staff conversations in early 1941 with the British or of the strategy in the RAINBOW plan, which called for a defensive strategy in the Pacific, recognizing Germany as the main enemy. As a matter of fact, MacArthur received copies of the plan in August, 1941, a month after he had assumed command, and by October was successful in persuading Washington to change the plan in several important respects.

¶That General MacArthur's defense of the Philippines delayed the Japanese timetable of conquest southward. It did not, and the postwar Japanese statements Willoughby alludes to demonstrate this conclusively. By the time Corregidor surrendered, the Japanese had taken the Netherlands Indies, Malaya, and part of Burma, had penetrated into the Solomons and New Guinea, and were preparing for further advances against Midway and Port Moresby. The defense of the Philippines had no effect whatsoever on Japanese expansion southward.

¶That the disaster at Clark Field was a mere episode in the war, in no wise comparable to that of Pearl Harbor, and that the Far East Air Force was never "a ponderable element" in American defense plans. Neither statement will stand examination. The Clark Field attack was an event of the greatest significance, and American hopes for defense of the Philippines rested largely on the thirty-five heavy bombers stationed there.

¶That General MacArthur wanted the whole Pacific under one command, that he was "entirely willing to relinquish his own seniority of command and serve in a subordinate position," and that he argued for this unification "without success." To prove this, Willoughby quotes the General's statement (which, by the way, was made to this reviewer in response to a letter in 1953). There is little doubt that the failure to establish a unified command was one of the "faulty decisions of the war." But it was the Joint Chiefs of Staff and not General MacArthur who sought constantly to correct this weakness. In the final analysis, their failure to do so was the result of service differences, and of the impossibility of placing MacArthur in a subordinate role to Nimitz. The record does not show a single instance where General MacArthur—or the Navy, for that matter—offered to assume such a role. The opposite, rather, is true.

¶That the General, over the opposition of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Navy, won the war almost singlehandedly. The strategy and the great decisions made were his alone, Willoughby asserts. The General is presented as carrying on a struggle on two fronts—against the Japanese and against his enemies in Washington.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Throughout the war, General MacArthur operated under directives prepared by the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, and with the aid of Admirals Nimitz and Halsey. The drive across the Central Pacific was at least as important as MacArthur's drive up the New Guinea coast, and in the opinion of the planners in Washington was the more decisive move. The Japanese apparently thought so too, and the defeat at Saipan had a more

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crushing effect on them than any victory won by General MacArthur. As a matter of fact, the most decisive victories in the Pacific were the great naval battles of the Coral Sea, Midway, the Philippines Sea, and Leyte Gulf. To the first three Willoughby gives only a sentence. The Battle for Leyte Gulf he treats more fully in order to demonstrate a failure on the part of the Navy to support General MacArthur.

A Change of Villains

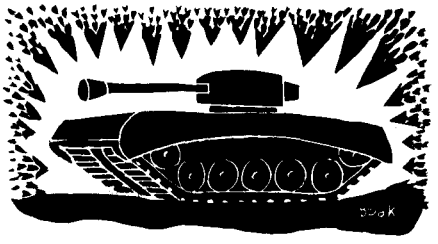
The weakest part of the book is that devoted to the Korean conflict. In two thin chapters, Willoughby quickly disposes of the North Korean invasion, the tragic retreat to Pusan, the Inchon landings, the Wake Island conference with President Truman, and the Red Chinese intervention. The highly controversial events leading to General MacArthur's recall get even less space, an eight-page final chapter devoted largely to proving the General's blamelessness in the entire affair and testimonials to his genius. Just as President Roosevelt, the Joint Chiefs, and the admirals were the villains in the Second World War portion of the book, so President Truman, Secretary Acheson, and the Joint Chiefs are the postwar villains.

In spite of this opposition, General MacArthur continued to score brilliant successes in Korea. Only the blindness, consistent stupidity, and worse in Washington, Willoughby contends, prevented the General from achieving the victory he had planned so wisely.

It is in these three sketchy chapters that the authors make their most serious charges, based on evidence even less convincing than that used earlier in the book. In the main these charges are already familiar, but the authors seek to strengthen them by the use of additional evidence such as intelligence reports and the customary undated and anonymous staff estimates. Thus, they quote Tokyo intelligence reports—declassified by Willoughby himself—to prove that as early as January, 1950, there was ample evidence to show that the North Koreans planned to invade the Republic of Korea. The same sources are used to prove that MacArthur knew the Chinese were massing on the Manchurian border and only President Truman's order restricting air reconnaissance prevented the Far East Commander from keeping the Chinese under observation. Again they quote a report of a high-level meeting in Tokyo to "prove" that the Joint Chiefs of Staff opposed the Inchon landing. A "headquarters report" is the authority for a statement about the Yalu River; a "staff commentary" for the assertion that the Chinese knew in advance and before General MacArthur that we would not use the atomic bomb or take retaliatory action if they entered the fight. This fact, the authors quote a staff commentary, "represents one of the blackest pages ever recorded."

Twisted History

These and other allegations will not stand close examination. Take, for example, the intelligence reports



that appear so convincing. These reports have been carefully edited, and the authors have omitted Willoughby's own original evaluation of them which credited them with a low reliability and gave them little if any validity. The statement that General MacArthur had not been consulted in the armament of the ROK Army and "had no faintest inkling" that he might be involved in operations in Korea is simply not true. MacArthur himself advised against giving the ROK forces aircraft.

The mission ascribed to General MacArthur in Korea is quoted from the General's interpretation of a later U.N. resolution. At the time referred to, General MacArthur's mission was simply to clear South Korea of enemy forces; he never was directed to "restore peace, order, and unity to the entire Korean Peninsula" as the interpretation states.

Willoughby's treatment of Secretary of State Acheson and the Joint Chiefs is a distortion of the facts. No one fought more consistently for MacArthur's program than General Omar N. Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, and no one supported the Korean intervention more than Mr. Acheson. The defeatist attitude attributed to these men as well as to the President and General J. Lawton Collins, Chief of Staff, is entirely unjustified, as is the claim that the Joint Chiefs opposed the Inchon landing. The record will simply not support such charges; whatever success General MacArthur achieved is due in no small measure to the vigorous support he received in Washington from the same men Willoughby condemns. Without this support, he would have been unable to achieve his remarkable build-up of forces in so short a time or to mount the Inchon invasion at all.

Willoughby's claim that Washington failed to take the necessary political and diplomatic action to unify Korea after the Inchon landing is difficult to understand. Just what sort of action does he have in mind? The Chinese, as he himself notes, had already decided to intervene, so that negotiation with them would have been quite fruitless. MacArthur already had the authority to cross the 38th parallel—given him, not by the United Nations on October 6, as Willoughby implies, but on September 27 by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It should be noted that he was not *directed* to cross the parallel but only given authority to do so. The decision was his.

Willoughby's views on Formosa are equally difficult to understand. The "amazing" order to neutralize Formosa, he says, freed the Red Chinese armies for attacks on Korea. This is a remarkable construction of the facts, since the orders were issued at a time when there was a real threat of a Formosan invasion. Only when that decision was changed by the Chinese themselves did they decide to intervene in Korea.

The version of the Wake Island conference offered in this book leaves a good deal to be desired. The Willoughby account, based on "staff notes," is diametrically opposed to the official account prepared by General Bradley on the basis of stenographic notes, which are referred to as "an alleged eavesdropping report of a concealed State Department stenographer to pervert the position taken by General MacArthur."

The discussions over the possibility

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of a Chinese intervention, as recorded by Willoughby, constitute a serious indictment, amounting virtually to treason, of the entire Washington contingent. There is no support in the record for the assertion that "by one process or another" the Chinese were assured they would be free from reprisals if they entered the Korean conflict. Willoughby's "staff commentary" can hardly be taken as indisputable evidence, and until he specifies what it means by "one process or another," this charge cannot be accepted.

Reconnaissance in Full Force

To justify MacArthur's order to the Eighth Army to advance to the Yalu River, in spite of mounting evidence of Chinese intentions, Willoughby attributes to his chief a plan which looks very much like an excuse made up after the fact. MacArthur's attack of November 24, he says, was "a reconnaissance in force," designed to make the enemy tip his hand but leaving MacArthur "with freedom of action to advance or to withdraw."

A reconnaissance in force which leaves the commander with practically no reserves is a somewhat unusual maneuver. And though it resulted in disaster, Willoughby explains that it forced the Red Chinese to make their intentions known. This is certainly an expensive way to discover the enemy's intentions.

But Willoughby wants it both ways. Having established MacArthur's wisdom in inviting disaster, he then complains that the Joint Chiefs did not stop General MacArthur's advance on the Yalu. Actually, the Joint Chiefs did suggest to MacArthur that he halt his advance about twenty miles south of the Yalu, but MacArthur evidently believed that he could go all the way and convinced the Joint Chiefs that he was right. And it is perhaps the supreme irony that after Willoughby's frequent comparisons of MacArthur with Napoleon, the Chinese attack, when it came, was patterned on the same Napoleonic maneuver by which MacArthur won so many of his successes.

Denying the Facts

The sequel to this disaster, the alleged countermanding by Washington of MacArthur's orders to destroy the Yalu River bridges, is equally controversial. According to another of those anonymous "headquarters reports" so frequently cited by the authors, MacArthur instantly ordered these bridges destroyed, but his orders were canceled for some ulterior and mysterious reason. "Those bridges," Willoughby quotes from a headquarters report, "still stand. Their planks have echoed to the tramping feet of hundreds of thousands of men, and millions of tons of supplies and ammunition have crossed them . . ." In his bitterness, MacArthur is said to have exclaimed, "I realized for the first time that I had actually been denied the use of my full military power to safeguard the lives of my soldiers and the safety of my army. . . ."

This is really an incredible assertion. Certainly Willoughby knows that the Yalu River bridges on the Korean side were attacked repeatedly in November and December of 1950. And he must know, too, that the objections in Washington to the bombing of the bridges were quickly withdrawn when General MacArthur protested and the nature of the Chinese attack became clear. The bridges, far from being left untouched and inviolate, as Willoughby claims, were damaged by the Air Force time and again, a fact which was announced publicly by MacArthur.

More than one observer has reported MacArthur's belief that his real enemy was not in front of him but behind him in Washington. The General does not have to look so far, for it is clear that his greatest enemies are often those who are closest to him. So blinded are these loyal and overzealous admirers by the glamour and brilliance of their hero that they cannot see the harm they do him by insisting on his infallibility and perfection even if they have to twist the facts to do so. Blindly partisan and argumentative, this book, with its distortions, inaccuracies, and omissions, reflects more the bitter prejudices of its authors than the character of its subject. Though he endorsed and recommended it, General MacArthur deserves a better book than this after a lifetime of brilliant service to the nation.

BOOK NOTES

Recall in Wisconsin?

Joe Must Go, by Leroy Gore. *Julian Messner. $2.95.*

Last spring, Leroy Gore, editor of a weekly newspaper in Sauk City, Wisconsin, and a stanch Republican who admits supporting Joseph R. McCarthy for Senator in 1952 "with considerable vigor," made his own agonizing reappraisal —motivated by McCarthy's attacks on the Eisenhower Administration and on General Ralph Zwicker, a native Wisconsin hero, and by the junior Senator's indifference to falling dairy prices in his state, whose license plates bear the inscription "America's Dairyland."

The result was an editorial in the Sauk-Prairie *Star* pointing out that under the Wisconsin constitution McCarthy could be recalled and forced into a new election upon the petition of electors representing twenty-five per cent of the votes cast in the most recent gubernatorial election. The job would not be easy: About 1,600,000 people had voted for governor in 1952—an all-time high. More than 400,000 valid signatures were required for recall, and under state law they had to be collected within sixty days.

They very nearly were. More than 400,000 voters signed the petitions, but 70,000 were invalidated for various technical reasons. The Joe Must Go drive is not finished yet, though.

With an off-year election coming up, the vote for governor is expected to drop considerably. If Gore can get the present 335,000 valid petitioners to sign again after November 2, these names alone might force the recall election. And since Gore still has the

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original petitions, he will know exactly where to look for signers.

One obstacle to a second recall attempt has already been removed: Harlan Kelley, a local pro-McCarthy district attorney who threatened the Gore forces with criminal charges and later attempted legal seizure of the recall petitions, was roundly thrashed in the Republican primary in his bid for re-election.

Leroy Gore has written of the five feverish months he put in on the Joe Must Go movement, a movement directed by amateurs with no help at all from any major political faction or labor union. His capsule observations on the cities he visited and celebrities he met during fund-raising junkets are something less than inspired, and his use of homely verbiage ("I'm no great shakes as a praying man, but . . .") occasionally seems self-conscious. But when he turns to the individual and often unexpected reactions to his creation, and especially to his own friends and neighbors in Sauk City, his story becomes penetrating and at times moving. Along the way, Gore manages to destroy some fondly hallowed clichés regarding the solidarity of McCarthy's backing among certain racial and religious groups in Wisconsin.

●

Light on the Dark Ages

THE WESTERN FATHERS: THE LIVES OF SS. MARTIN OF TOURS, AMBROSE, AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO, HONORATUS OF ARLES, GERMANUS OF AUXERRE. Translated and edited by F. R. Hoare. *Sheed & Ward. $4.*

THE ANGLO-SAXON MISSIONARIES IN GERMANY: THE LIVES OF SS. WILLIBRORD, BONIFACE, STURM, LEOBA, AND LEBUIN, ETC. Translated and edited by C. H. Talbot. *Sheed & Ward. $3.50.*

HERE ARE two volumes on the early fathers of the Church. For those who delight in the peculiar fragrance of medieval manuscripts, they will come as a delight. Two excellent translations of contemporary documents (from the last century of the Roman Empire in France and from the sixth to the eighth century of missionary effort in pagan Germany) recapture the authentic sound of an age all too unfamiliar and ill-recorded. The charm of these sweetly simple tales of the early saints is heightened against the background of an age of doom and darkness that must have seemed even more turbulent and disquieting than our own.

●

Crowded Schools

THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE, by Evan Hunter. *Simon and Schuster. $3.50.*

"WELL, a great many human lives depended on what he did at North Manual Trades High School. He taught a lot of kids every day, and every day he went into the blackboard jungle without even knowing how many teeth there were in a lion's mouth. Or how many claws on a lion's paw. Or anything about a lion at all. They'd taught him how to milk cows, and now they expected him to tame lions."

Richard Dadier (Mr. Daddy-oh or just "Teach" to the boys) was on his first teaching assignment. His preparation consisted of the usual education courses and a short period of student teaching. He was a serious young man and he was teaching because he wanted to teach, to reach the kids, to make responsible thinking citizens of them, to give them a tool they would need—some understanding and skill in using the English language.

Dadier had none of the methods of the older teachers. Not the "clobbering" method of Captain Schaefer, the gym teacher, who could cuff the boys into obedience. Nor the "slobbering" method, one that came easiest to the women, which said in effect, "Come on, fellows, give me a break. I'm just a poor slob trying to do a job, that's all." And he was not a "slumberer" like the cynical Solly Klein, whose philosophy was "Let the bastards kill themselves. So long as I'm not hurt." Richard Dadier was simply a "fumbler," who kept trying to reach out to the boys but didn't know how.

This novel is a documentary report on the conditions and forces at work in the New York City school system, particularly in the trade schools. It dramatizes the group solidarity of these Negro, white, and Puerto Rican boys from the slums of New York, a fierce loyalty that transcends ethnic differences in their common hostility to the authority and discipline of the schools. The novel also shows the futility and demoralization of pay-check teachers, the empty sloganizing of the administrators, and the frustration of the young teachers thrust into a situation they are totally unprepared for, with "the overwhelming sense that they are sitting on the lid of a garbage can to prevent the contents from spilling over into the streets."

The book is uneven, with some startling changes of viewpoint and some melodramatic episodes. But Evan Hunter has a fine ear for the language of the classroom and the streets around the schools, and his book will have done a great service if the appalling conditions that are to be found in many of our schools are brought home to a wide audience —and shock people into action.

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'Native Son' in Africa

BLACK POWER, by Richard Wright. *Harper. $4.*

BOOKS on Africa have been cascading from the press in such flow recently that it seems little more can be said. Richard Wright's new book on Africa proves the contrary. *Black Power* is the story of a three-month visit to the Gold Coast by a distinguished American author. Saved by the color of his skin from the kindly condescension or the superior detachment of most western writers, yet steeped in the tradition and education of American life, Wright has been able to contribute something unique to the literature of the troubled continent.

It is not the passages of political analysis which give the book its power. These—fortunately few—are often both pompous and shallow. What makes the book live is the colorful, almost photographic portraiture of villages and market places drowsy in the sun, of savages drugged with heat and superstition, of dripping jungles, of the cities of black people. Wright is at his best in his reproduction of conversations. In letting the Africans talk to him, as they will talk only to a man of colored skin, he opens hitherto locked thoughts and emotions. As he lets sad houseboys, native chiefs, rich merchants, dedicated officials, and half-Europeanized leaders talk, he also lets the reader share the pity, hate, contempt, or admiration they arouse in him.

THE COMPOSITE of individual Africans that Mr. Wright presents—split among themselves, seeking self-expression in everything from juju to politics—illuminates the problem of Black Africa and of the Gold Coast in particular. Stripped of their own culture and pride by the European invasion, lost, uneducated, superstitious, and turbulent—how can these people be drawn together to manage their own freedom? For without freedom, they must remain as they are; yet as they are today, they cannot manage a really effective democratic government. For this reason Wright sees a necessity in Kwame Nkrumah's Convention People's Party, for all its bizarre flamboyance. Its cult of personal leadership, its tribal customs and blood oaths, and its demagogy, he feels, are indispensable to weld these people together long enough to learn how to manage modern life. Certainly many will quarrel with Wright's shrieking conclusion "AFRICAN LIFE MUST BE MILITARIZED!" (capitals his). But right or wrong, it is an honest expression of opinion, and, at the end of the book, the reader understands why Wright feels he must give it as parting advice to Kwame Nkrumah, however presumptuous it may sound coming from an American.

Most Americans will find equal interest in a relatively minor thread of the book's pattern. This is Wright's fascination, as an American Negro, with the land of his origins, his perplexity as he studies faces, gestures, and mannerisms seeking a clue to his own past. The anger and bitterness with which he explores each historic and shabby relic of the slave trade explains better than any treatise the weight of humiliation and sorrow that historic crime still presses on the descendants of its victims.

•

American History

UNDERSTANDING THE AMERICAN PAST, edited by Edward N. Saveth. *Little, Brown. $6.*

FOLLOWING an introduction by Allan Nevins and the editor's sixty-two-page survey of American historical writing and method since Parson Weems, we have here thirty essays by thirty-two historians, from Henry Adams ("The American People in 1800") to Henry Steele Commager ("American Character").

"In a world divided between democracy and dictatorship," says Professor Saveth, "with history an avowed weapon in the struggle . . ., we Americans must have fuller knowledge of our democratic heritage. . . . We need to know more American history than the drab data presented to a captive classroom audience in the average textbook; more than the flashy fragments of our heritage to be found among the shining sabers and perturbed petticoats of the historical novels."

Most of these articles, mainly from scholarly journals of the last two decades or chapters taken bodily from books, are readable enough but needn't make Costain and Yerby, or even many textbook writers, tremble. And since this is an honest, well-balanced volume, we are shown anti-democratic and twisted-democratic trends in our past, as in "The Reactionary Enlightment" (in the ante-bellum South), by Louis Hartz, who is too fond of dropping obscure names, and "Tom Watson and the Negro," by C. Vann Woodward, an instructive account of a poor-white Georgia Populist turned Negro baiter. Eric F. Goldman's "Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal" tells of the "Hundred Days," that happy time for activist liberals, and we gladly meet again Louis Morton's "The 'Sitting Ducks' of Clark Field."

•

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE ON THE EVE OF COLONIZATION: 1603-1630, by Wallace Notestein. *Harper. $5.*

THE COMING OF THE REVOLUTION: 1763-1775, by Lawrence Henry Gipson. *Harper. $5.*

THESE ARE two volumes in the projected forty-odd-volume "New American Nation Series" edited by Henry Steele Commager and Richard B. Morris. Similar to the original "American Nation Series" published half a century ago, the new histories are more comprehensive in scope and cover a broader range, including science, technology, religion, popular culture, and public administration. The authors have drawn heavily on new research material. This is the "why" and "how" of American history and presupposes in the reader a fairly sound background knowledge of events, personalities, and chronology.

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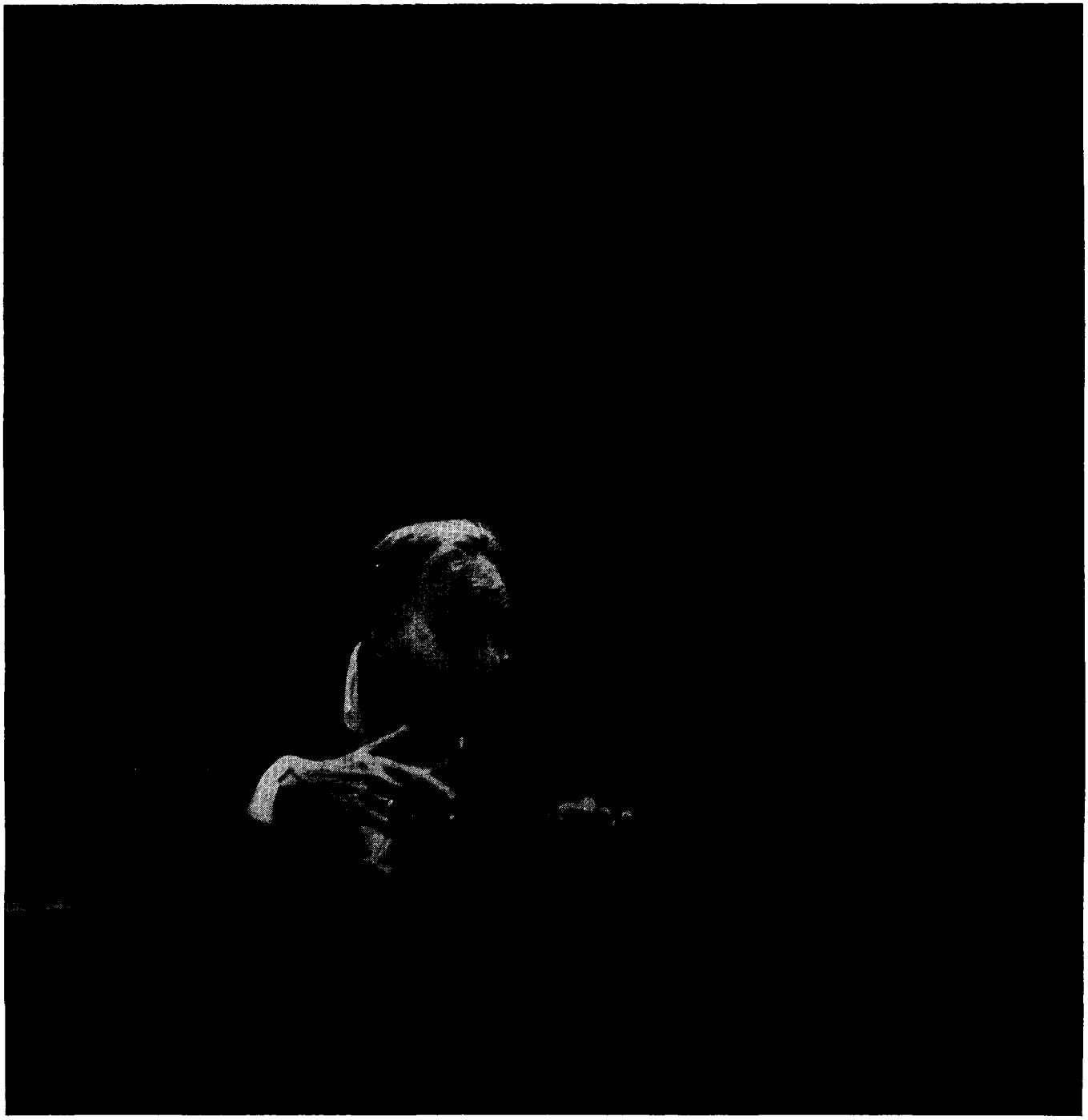

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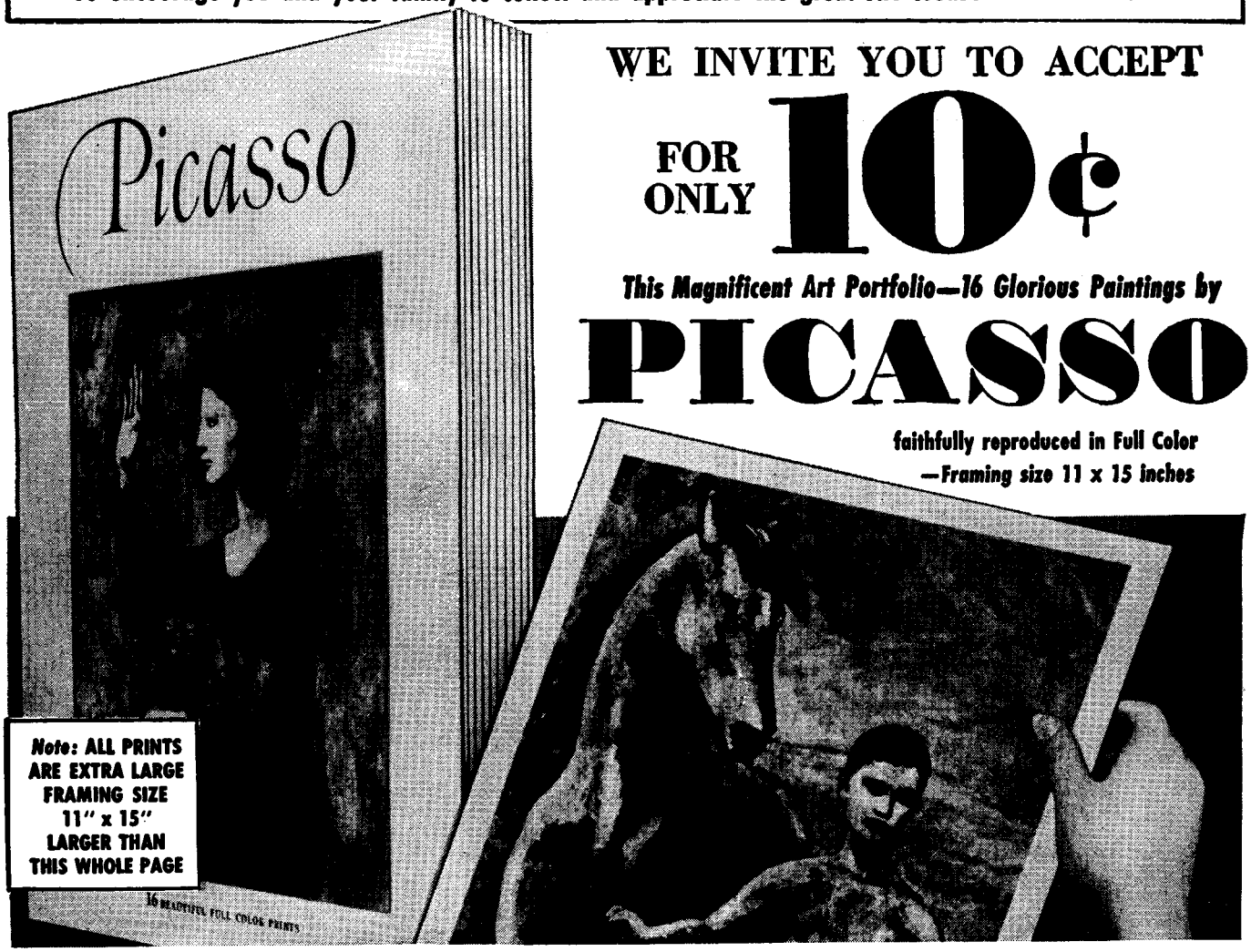

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